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FRANCE AND HER CONSTITUTION.

SINCE the heptarchy, we have had just half-a-dozen fundamental changes in our political state, tantamount to revolutions. In the course of the last fifty-seven years, France has been blest with no less than nine different constitutions. Looking back upon our own annals, we see the following alterations in our Government, some of which, indeed, were scarcely to be called revolutionary movements. First came the abolition of the heptarchy under Egbert. Then came the Norman conquest. Afterwards Magna Charta was wrung from John. A few centuries later, King Charles was beheaded, and Oliver Cromwell ruled for a season. Then the Stuarts were restored; and then lastly, "Dutch William," as they call him now-a-days, mounted the throne. Of these events, two, the Norman conquest and the signing of the great Charter, were far less fundamental changes than those we are now wont to term revolutions. But as we have had so few real revolutions, let them pass muster; and we will say that this country has been revolutionised just six times since the Anglo-Saxon race first made it their own own.

The "progress" of France during the lifetime of the seniors of the present generation has been as follows: On the 3d of September, 1791, Paris witnessed a declaration, in the midst of the agitations of the era then ushered in, that notwithstanding the newly acquired power of democracy in the French constitution, the person of the king was inviolable and sacred. In about a year and four months, i. e. on the 21st of January, 1793, the head of Louis XVI. fell upon the platform of the infernal guillotine, and three days afterwards the French Republic was instituted, and the government of the country placed in the hands of twenty-four individuals. In about two years more, the twenty-four went their way, and in 1795 the supreme executive power of France passed into the hands of the Directory. The Directory lived for four years, and then followed its predecessor into nonentity, giving place to the Consulate. The Consuls were of course at first elected for a term only; but the monarchical principle being now on the ascendant, not more than three years could pass without a fresh revolution, and accordingly, in 1802, the Consuls who had been chosen for ten years proclaimed themselves Consuls for life. This was plainly but a step to a further revolution. French monarchs must be bond fide kings, after the royal standard of Europe, or not kings at all. Bonaparte therefore only waited some twenty months, and in 1804 assumed the purple and the crown, as hereditary Emperor of the French. Ten years then passed—an age in modern French historywhen the new Emperor found himself in Elba, and Louis Dixhuit mounted the throne of his ancestors, forgetting and remembering nothing. The hundred days and Waterloo produced no professed change in the legislative and executive constitution of the monarchy, and therefore we need not reckon the return from Elba and the flight of the Bourbons as one among our neighbours' numerous revolutions. In 1830, "three glorious days" gave France another dynasty and a Charter, if not in reality, at least in theory. In 1848 the new dynasty disappeared, and are already forgotten, and the people whom Louis Philippe misgoverned, are now in the very act of devising one more constitution for the rule and consolidation of their tempest-tossed country. Will it last, or will it perish like its predecessors? Will France weather the storm, or will she founder amid the waves? Will sense, patriotism, honesty, and religion triumph, or will communism, intrigue, selfishness, and vice, run rapidly a-head, until the guillotine is erected, and the streets swim with blood, and Paris is plundered and reduced to ashes? Who can dare to say, yes, or no?

It is vain, indeed, to say that France has passed the crisis of her raging fever. She has not only not yet passed it, she is far from having yet reached it. Every crisis that has as yet come upon her since last February has been a moment of peril, it is true; but infinitely less perilous, infinitely less fraught with life and death, than many and many a crisis she has still to surmount. And when the last crisis shall come, whether for weal or woe, no mortal eye can foresee.

We cannot help confessing that we view the future of France with far more of fear than of hope. Easily, quietly, quickly as she has fought her way against fearful odds since the game of the Revolution was commenced, it is impossible not to see that few of her children are yet shewing themselves in their true colours, or that they have themselves learned yet to see the consequences of the principles they are adopting. No party has yet been tried to the uttermost. No party knows yet what it is to be triumphant, or to be utterly discomfited. No party yet has tasted of blood and

plunder. No parties yet have even come into open, fierce, prolonged collision. The good seem worse than they are, the bad seem better. The theorists are strangers to the practice of their schemes; the men of expedients have not yet learned the impotence of their favourite panaceas in the hour of mortal struggle; those who in heart hate all government, still fancy they love law and order in some shape or other; those whose secret souls rebel against literal equality fancy themselves democrats of the purest water.

Again, where are men to be found in France who comprehend the genius of their own race? Was ever nation so blind to its own ineradicable tendencies as that great people? They all seem literally to go mad upon certain book-notions and reminiscences of their schoolboy days. Their political philosophy is a hodge-podge compounded of the traditions of Greece and Rome, the democracy of the United States, and the glories of the Bonapartist conquests. Captivated with the sound of their cant phrase, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," they little think of calmly reviewing the history of their own nation-of examining into the peculiarities of their past and present social and domestic life-of ascertaining the exact position of France with respect to Europe, and comparing themselves and their character with the other races of the western world. On they rush, headlong, shouting, declaiming, demanding, and eternally blowing the trumpet of their own praises; while every thoughtful mind, out of France, looks on in silent sorrow, trembling, lest in a moment some frightful catastrophe burst upon their devoted heads, more fearful than any that even Paris has ever known. While every man who knows what Frenchmen are, and ever have been, is unable to conceive how such a brilliant, lively, glory-loving, hero-worshipping, heroic, and changeful people can settle down into any thing like a practical political equality, or become self-controlling parliamentary debaters, or exist without a king, and titles, and decorations, and boundless show and splendour; while the character of the only great democracy the world has ever seen, the United States of America, is in almost every respect the very reverse of that of nine Frenchmen out of ten; - France herself recks not of these things; but is about to try a new order of things, as purely experimental and hazardous, as if she were but a nation of some few months' independent existence, without national character, national annals, national traditions, national virtues, and national crimes.

And again; where is the one man, or the small, united, able, and self-sacrificing body of men, who have the power of guiding and ruling that gigantic population by the force of their wills and the influence of their example? What but such a power can by any possibility form a nucleus around which the elements of truth and justice can gather and acquire strength to meet their foes when conflict comes? Who ever heard of a population of millions and millions settling their affairs well without a leader? Where would America have been but for a Washington? Where France itself forty years ago but for a Napoleon? If France does live through her overwhelming difficulties with no greater suffering than she has yet endured this year, mankind will have beheld a greater political miracle than ever yet has appeared upon earth. Alas, alas! we fear that such a miracle is not much more probable than that a band of carpenters and bricklayers should build an extempore palace, untaught and undirected by foreman, builder, or architect. The multitude can destroy without a ruler; but can they raise even a peasant's hut when it is once levelled to the ground?

Yet once more; it is but too evident that the only body in France which knows its own fundamental principles, and is consolidated by one code of opinion, tradition, and usage, - the Catholic clergy and their devoted lay adherents, - are as purely experimentalising in the movement as the most unbelieving of their fellow-republicans. Not for a moment do we mean to assert that they have not done well and wisely in throwing themselves into the new order of things; we do not see how, as things were, they could have done otherwise, consistently with their duties as ministers of a gospel of goodwill to men. But yet they know not whither they are hastening; they cannot forecast the issue of the fearful game; they see not at what moment they may be driven back in ignominy (as the world counts it) from the bands of the patriots, or involved in the crash and ruin of all around them. Carefully, systematically, and skilfully as their prelates and leading men have, for the most part, abstained from compromising themselves by any peculiar political theories; loudly and warmly as they have ceased not to proclaim that it is as messengers from Him who came to save all men that they give their willing support to the new Republic; yet no man who remembers that practical religion in France, with all its late amazing progress, is still confined to a comparatively small minority of the nation, can count the influence of the clergy and the religious party as of any weighty or enduring influence in the conduct of the infant democracy. For a while they ride upon the waves, and seem to guide the helm; but it is daily more and more manifest that their only real task has been to deck the ship with flags and pennons, or it may be to join now and then in the most laborious toils of the men before

If these things, then, be so, what an awful mystery enshrouds the coming months and years of France! What has she to trust to but her good intentions towards herself, and a band of shopkeepers to resist all schemes for violence, and for supplanting the last revolution by yet one more? And if she falls into anarchy, or into a military frenzy, or into the hands of an unscrupulous but vigorous despot, what a source of all woes and horrors will she not become for the whole civilised world! In truth, all our calculations and speculations serve but to throw us back upon the conviction of the utter impossibility of foreseeing her coming fate, and with hers, of anticipating the destinies of Europe, of America, of Ireland, and of Great Britain herself.

THE SPANISH AFFRONT.

IT must be owned, even by Lord Palmerston, that it is a delicate business to meddle with other people's affairs. Some people are born with a peculiar gift for managing, interfering, advising, and enlightening all mankind, either in public or private. We see the premature passion at work in half the nurseries of the kingdom, where little master or miss must needs poke his or her impertinent or well-meaning finger into the pie of the tiny brotherhood and sisterhood, which for the time is destined to be the victim of the juvenile Mentor. And when boys and girls grow up into men and women, still they work hard at the same thriftless business, now and then doing good, but in nine cases out of ten, marring where they intend to mend, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, affronting both the parties whom they intend to serve. Nevertheless, the ruling mania still possesses them. Even man and wife are not safe

from the intrusion of their oracular counsels, and they go out of life, almost to the relief of their dearest friends.

And if private giving of advice is thus a thankless office, we may be sure that the task gains no charm by being translated into a wider sphere. National meddlings are not more welcome than domestic managings. Even when meddling is a duty, as it doubtless sometimes is, both in a cottage, a palace, and a council-chamber, there are always ten chances to one that the Mentor burns his fingers, or gets his knuckles rapped by an indignant Telemachus. Foreign Ministers are as touchy in their public capacity, as any hot-headed gentleman or lady in humble life; and it is lucky for both parties, and for the nations they represent, when no worse things are brought about than a flood of "communications," and half a score affronts and apologies.

Such must be every one's reflection, when he reads last Monday's debate on the squabble between Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Sotomayor. His lordship is an old meddler, in grain and in practice; and when he is really called on to meddle, he meddles with so much gusto and zeal, that were he to do the same things as a private individual which he perpetrates at the Foreign Office, he would run a considerable risk of having his nose pulled, and of being kicked down stairs. As it is, he gets off with a long debate, and we must pay the consequences, whatever they are.

For the mere fact that his lordship sent some vigorous advice to the Spanish Government, through our Ambassador at Madrid, the Ministry have set up a very fair justification. All nations advise one another. Spain has just been advising Naples, and England also has advised the magnanimous Bourbon who rules that fairest of cities. England also lately advised Sardinia; and, luckily for Lord Palmerston, Lord Aberdeen, for once in his life, gave Spain a diplomatic lecture. Besides, as we meddled so far in Spain as to help to set up the present Queen and the Constitution, which her Ministers do not obey, it seems certainly mighty little more, that we should add to our substantial benefits the cream and froth of a little good counsel. fore, the House of Commons, and, of course, most people out of the house, will acquit the Foreign Secretary of any thing unjustifiable in his simply tendering his remonstrances to the Spanish Government.

Here, however, comes in one of those trifling little matters, which, in private affairs, often give rise to the most unexpected and disastrous results, and which, in this present business, if it is not most carefully and prudently managed, may drag us into proceedings which the whole nation will cordially detest. Lord Palmerston's actual letter to Sir Henry Bulwer was, in itself, more than sufficiently bullying to the lofty Spaniard; but then it was a private epistle, and not designed for the sight of the Spanish Minister. Sir Henry Bulwer, however, having first tried the usual means of gentle remonstrance, shewed Lord Palmerston's despatch to the Ministry. Here, therefore, is the point to be questioned. Did Sir Henry act wisely in putting the document into their hands? and if he did not, but made a mistake, was the conduct of the Spanish Government justifiable, even on such a ground?

As to the first query; it is plain enough that our Ambassador made a mistake; for if he could have foreseen the absurd fury the Spaniard would have displayed, no man of decent prudence would have voluntarily stirred up such a source of dispute between the two nations. But ought he, judging by experience, to have foreseen what has happened? We cannot say.

We are not sufficiently versed in the mysteries of Castilian pride, or of ambassadorial etiquette, to pronounce how far our Minister was guilty of foolish rashness, or how far he acted with mere sound, independent prudence. Setting apart the result, we suspect that few people would be competent to answer the question with any thing better than ignorant dogmatism.

But then follows the unfortunate fact, that this Duke of Sotomayor has unquestionably taken affront at our Ambassador's well-meant, if not judicious, proceedings, and has straightway made a fool of himself by sending the said Ambassador about his business, and running the risk of bringing a hostile British fleet upon his country's shores. Is it possible to overlook this insult, ridiculous as it may seem? If we overlook it, what insult must not also be pocketed in silence? Are not all insults exhibitions of folly on the part of the perpetrators? And if we pay no heed to the demonstrations of Sotomayor because we can afford to overlook them, to what cause will Europe in general impute our forbearance, and from whom may we not expect a repetition of this diplomatic escapade? We see but two alternatives: either certain facts must be brought forward, hitherto unknown, which will set the Duke of Sotomayor's freak in a new light, or Spain must in some shape or other apologise. How she will arrange it with the Duke himself, is her own affair, and not ours. Meanwhile, we cling to the hope that the business will be amicably arranged, and rejoice that our own Ministry have displayed as much of forbearance as Sotomayor displayed of passion; and we think it will probably not be long ere Mr. Disraeli may eat his dinner in peace, without suffering indigestion from a conviction that the honour of England has been outraged and not avenged.

LORD ASHLEY AND THE POOR.

WE have not space for much more than a mere reference to the painfully momentous subject broached by Lord Ashley on Tuesday last in his place in Parliament. We call it a painfully momentous subject, though such a term is utterly inadequate to convey a sense of the frightful enormity of the evils to which it is Lord Ashley's desire to apply some speedy practical remedy. None but those who know personally the depths of the guilt and harrowing misery which lie hid beneath the surface of society in Lendon and our great towns, can form any true conception of the horrors of that state, with which we trust that Parliament will now at length endeavour to grapple in good carnest. No reports of city missions, no records of workhouses, no annals of police-offices, no register-books of hospitals, can unfold the hideous blackness, physical and moral, which broods over scores of thousands of our fellow-beings in the vast metropolis alone. None but they who have seen with their own eyes the fearful workings of the present state of things, and in whose ears ring the echoes of the blasphemies, the obscenities, and the cries of anguish which pollute the air of those dark abodes, can form any idea of the literal truth of the expression which declares that London abounds with spots which are utterly infernal. How little, then, can the moral, gentle, and respectable dweller in the high places of life, conceive of the unutterable woe which preys upon the inward souls of the devoted beings who are born to live and die in this state of degradation, suffering, and

We have ourselves endeavoured to draw the attention of our readers to some few among the many causes of misery and sin which throng around the poor man in these crowded cities, in that semi-fictitious form which alone attracts a large class of minds, who are repelled by statistics and reports, and who would no more think of perusing a long speech in Parliament than of entertaining themselves with a Latin dictionary. Some, indeed, we believe, have imagined our "Scenes in London" to be too sad to be really true or possible; not knowing that, far from overstating the wretched reality, the author of those pictures has abstained from touching upon many points, too awful and too revolting to be laid before the general reader. London, indeed, is full of such things, and of things far worse, even to overflowing.

That something energetic, practical, and effective, will now be done towards the redemption of the myriads of our fellow-creatures who are perishing around us, we have at length a good hope. Lord Ashley has taken up the case in a right spirit, and has apparently hit upon a scheme, which is really much more than a scheme, being a tangible proposition for remedying the mischiefs which prevail in portions of our colonies by the systematic emigration of one thousand children yearly from the mother country. These children he proposes should be sent out, while yet comparatively innocent, protected by the Government, and chosen annually, in proportion to their general good conduct in the "ragged schools," where they now find all the education they receive. The plan was warmly met by the House generally: the Ministry promised their cordial support, and undertook to take it into their own hands; and we can only now express our trust that Lord Ashley will complete the good work he has begun, by fulfilling his declaration to Sir George Grey and Mr. Hawes, and giving them no rest unless the scheme is put into active operation within a reasonable length of time.

How instant is the urgency of the case, no words are needed to prove. It will be enough for the most callous or sceptical to read through the facts which were brought forward in the debate on the motion in the House of Commons, to be roused to a sense of the unpardonable guilt of a nation like England, which, possessing such gigantic means at her command, should allow such facts to be brought before her eyes, and yet allow them to continue to defile the earth one single moment longer than absolute, unconquerable necessity compelled. We are guilty enough in having permitted the poor man to fall into his present degraded, lost estate; what, then, will be the measure of our iniquity, if, when we know into what horrors he has fallen, we leave him where he is, while we turn away and go to our pleasures and our daily money-getting?

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

No. I .- Introduction.

The longer I stay in Rome, and the more thoroughly I seek to comprehend its daily life, the more powerfully is my imagination stirred, and my whole affections engaged. It would require the labour of years, or (what comes to the same thing) habituation from earliest childhood, to make oneself master of all those stores of traditionary knowledge which are indispensably necessary for a just appreciation of the capital of the Christian world—for in this light alone I am considering it, and not in its more ancient but more short-lived glories. The history of the Church may record its triumphs; antiquaries and tourists may enumerate and describe its treasures; all its churches and palaces, museums and galleries, may be traversed by the hurrying foot, and scanned by the curious eye; but not all these taken

together will suffice to give an adequate idea of the indescribable charm of a residence within its walls, nor even a faithful representation of what it really is. Rome is preeminently a place to be lived in, not learnt from books; and in which the longer you live the more you learn, and the more you learn, the longer you will desire to live in it; I might add too, if you would not think me too enthusiastic and too tiresome, that the more you learn, the more you will find is yet to be learnt; for when you have exhausted your studies of that Rome which is before your eyes, you have yet an equal task remaining in that Rome which is beneath your feet. Roma Sotterranea is hardly less extensive, and certainly not one whit less interesting, than the Rome in which we live; and if it be true that time and labour are necessary for the understanding of the latter, still more are they required for the former. You may often have heard it said, that if you visit a different church in Rome every day in the year, your still find at the end of it many yet unvisited; but

will still find at the end of it many yet unvisited; but perhaps you are not aware (to me at least it was quite a new truth) that the same may literally be said of a single cemetery in those wonderful subterranean ex-cavations, the Roman Catacombs. Yet so it is; I have now lying before me an accurate map or plan of the eighth part of the Catacombs of St. Agnes, and in this alone, besides the countless number of paths or streets, all full of interest as containing the graves of saints and martyrs and others, our brethren in the faith, children of the early Church, there are upwards of sixty different chambers hewn out of the living rock, all of which may be more or less correctly denominated churches. And this is only one of numerous cemeteries of the same character, of greater or less extent, which surround, or more properly speaking, which undermine the whole neighbourhood of the eternal city. No wonder, then, that the first discoverer in modern times, the Columbus, as he is justly called, of this new world, Antonio Bosio, should have spent more than thirty years in exploring and chronicling some portion of its marvellous contents; and that so far from exhausting his subject, Boldetti, more than a century later, should have found materials enough still left to detain him in the same catacombs for upwards of five-and-twenty years, and to fill two goodly folio volumes of four hundred pages each. Yet many of our countrymen—some too who spend a considerable time in Rome, and devote themselves most assiduously to the wearisome task of lionising—have been known to go away without having paid even a single visit to these most interesting Christian antiquities; and many more, after a rapid walk through some of the subterranean galleries, and an impatient peen of the subterranean galleries, and an impatient peep into two or three of the principal chapels, having too (it may be) a very imperfect comprehension of the lingo spoken by their guide, come away with a satisfactory conviction that they have done the Catacombs, and that after all there is not so very much in them. However, this ignorance or indifference of our fellow-countrymen upon the Catacombs of Rome is not without its causes; the principal of which, I apprehend, is to be found in the extremely meagre information which our literature affords upon the subject; might I not almost say, the total absence of any information whatsoever? for the only English work with which I am acquainted, where they are mentioned in any but the most cursory manner possible, is professedly controversial and semi-theological in its purpose, and still more so in its execution; indeed, its very title, The Church in the Catacombs, or a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains, distinctly indicates (what a perusal of the work itself puts beyond all doubt) that the author's purpose was not so much to describe that the author's purpose was not so much to describe and illustrate the Catacombs, as through their means to describe and illustrate something else, to wit, his own particular view or theory of early Church history. I propose, therefore, to lay before your readers in a series of letters some short and simple account of the Catacombs as they really are; of their number and extent, of their different characters and peculiarities, their seof their different characters and peculiarities, their se-pulchres and monuments, their cathedrals, churches, and schoolrooms, their architecture, painting, and sculpture; in a word, of their whole history, physical, geographical, chronological, and artistical,—as far, that is, as I

am able. It can scarcely be necessary to premise, that although I have frequently visited the Catacombs already, and hope to do so again and again during the progress, and indeed after the completion, of these letters, yet the account which I shall give of them has no sort of pretensions to originality; it will be gathered from the works of others, presently to be specified, and only confirmed, or if it should so happen, corrected, by my own observation.

To begin ab ovo, we ought first to examine the very important question, Who made the Catacombs, and for what purposes were they intended? And this, I suspect, will prove more than sufficient for the subject of my present communication. My own answer your readers will at once anticipate, because I have already called them "interesting Christian antiquities;" but since this is a point upon which there was once considerable debate. I cannot be allowed to the siderable debate, I cannot be allowed to take it altogether for granted. The first and most general argument, then, for the exclusive right of the Christians to these immense subterranean cemeteries, is derived from the different customs of the Pagan and Christian religions; the Christians buried their dead, the Pagans burnt them. In the earlier centuries of Roman history, it would appear that both practices prevailed indifferently: in-deed, Pliny tells us that to bury corpses in the earth was a more ancient custom of his country than to consume them by fire; nevertheless, the same authority has preserved to us a law as old as the time of Numa Pompilius, having reference to the ceremonies of the funeral pile, and we read in Cicero a sanitary law of the Twelve Tables, in which both the burial and the burning of the dead are recognised, but forbidden within the walls of the city. In later times, however, and particularly about the commencement of the Christian era, the funeral pile had well nigh universally superseded the more simple burial; and its honours were denied only to the vilest criminals, to those who had been struck by lightning, or to the very poor; in a word, to all those whom the superstition or the haughty arrogance of Heathenism proscribed as outcasts from society, and deprived of all civil and religious privileges: for these, a few common pits, called puticuli, were provided on the Esquiline, where their bodies were ignominiously exposed and suffered to putrefy in the open air, to the serious annoyance and injury of the whole neighbourhood. Horace has commemorated the happy transformation of this scene into healthy and salubrious gardens, the work of his own patron, the generous Mæcenas; and for the former part of my assertion I need only refer generally to the poets of the Augustan age passim. To these may be added the corroborative testimony of Tacitus,+ who mentions it as a peculiarity in the case of the infamous Poppea, that her body was not destroyed by fire, "after the manner of the Romans," but was embalmed and buried regum externorum consuctudine; moreover, it is often alluded to in the early Christian Apologies, as one of the charges urged against them by their enemies, that they "execrated the funeral piles, and condemned the burials by fire." Again, besides these proofs drawn from cotemporary writings, there are others yet more convincing in the columbaria and various Pagan sepulchres yet remaining in the city: these columbaria do not consist of a number of secondary containing the entire sist of a number of sarcophagi, containing the entire bodies of the deceased (though two or three such have been found in them), nor yet of stone or marble monu-ments covering graves in the earth, such as in a modern churchyard in England, but of a multitude of diminutive niches, arranged like so many pigeon-holes (hence the name) in the several walls of a chamber, and in the sides of a solid construction of masonry which commonly supports the centre; and here, in these niches, you may see the sepulchral urns and the ashes of the dead, as they were originally deposited in them. Those gigantic mausoleums too, whereby the pride of individuals or of families sought to immortalise their memories, have more frequently been found to really mories, have more frequently been found to enclose little ollæ or urns, receptacles of a mere handful of ashes, than with sarcophagi, capable of enclosing a perfect

Here, then, is abundant proof that the Catacombs

could not have been intended as burying-places for the heathen population of Rome; because the great bulk of that population were burnt, not buried; and the scanty exceptions to this rule cannot account for such immense and laborious works. But can we be equally certain that no heathens were ever buried in them? Assuredly we can; for why was it that Abraham refused the offer of the children of Heth, when they bade him "bury his dead in their principal sepulchres," and promised that no man should have power to hinder him from taking whatever sepulchre he might choose? Why did he still persist in purchasing a field for his own possession, and in having it legally conveyed to him in the presence of the people? Why did the aged Jacob, when he saw that the day of his death drew nigh, make his son Joseph swear to him with a very solemn oath that he would not bury him in Egypt, but that he would take him away out of that land, and bury him in the burying place of his ancestors? Why did Joseph too, when he came to die, lay this parting injunction upon his brethren, "God will visit you; carry my bones with you out of this place?" In like manner, in our own you out of this place?" In like manner, in our own country, and at the present day, why do we see the various chapels and meeting-houses of the too numerous Christian sects, each surrounded by a little cemetery of its own? Do not all these instances attest a natural instinct of our hearts, forbidding the union in death of persons whose creeds have been separate in life; that as it is agreeable to our whole feelings, that those who have been friendly in their lives, "in death should not be divided," so it is no less repugnant to them, that such vital differences should be confounded by a com-mon sepulture? And shall we imagine that the Christians alone despised this instinct, and did not scruple to bury their dead where the Pagans buried theirs? the followers of Jesus with the worshippers of stocks and stones, and of the very devils? the believers in a future resurrection to glory with "them that have no hope?" Surely in death even more than in life we may cry out with the Apostle, "What fellowship hath light with dark process, and what converd both Christ with Relial? ness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" And if these a priori reasonings should seem to any insufficient, there are other independent testimonies, confirming the same conclusion: thus, Cicero* enumerates as common and equal bonds of union, descent from the same ancestry, profession of the same religion, and use of the same sepulchres; and elsewhere, de Legibus, he expressly testifies, that so strong was the religious feeling of his countrymen upon this point, that it was not accounted lawful for a man to be buried among professors of a different faith, or even among members of another family. And on the other hand, St. Cyprian specifies it among the enormities of the heretic Martial, that he not only frequented the riotous banquets of the heathen, but even buried his sons after the fashion of foreign nations, amid profane sepulchres, and amid strangers, apud profana sepulchra depositos et alienigenis consepultos. These passages furnish most satisfactory proof of the mutual abomination in which a confusion of sepulture was held, both by the idolater and by the Christian; and we may consider it therefore as an established truth, that the Pagans never had the slightest share in the use of the Catacombs as burial-places for the dead.

And now I would pass on to another topic, were I not afraid that I might be judged almost to have proved too much; for the case appears so extremely plain upon the statement of it that has yet been made, that one wonders how it could ever have been called in question; let us say one word therefore upon the principal grounds on which the opposite opinion has been founded, not so much for the sake of confuting them on their own account, as for the sake of any additional confirmation they may supply to the conclusion already drawn, and any particulars of interest which may accidentally be brought to light in their discussion. First, then, it is objected, that pieces of marble have been found, stopping the mouths of graves in the Catacombs, with undoubted Pagan inscriptions. We acknowledge that it is so; yet this fact, so far from invalidating the exclusively Christian character of these cemeteries, only the more con-

vincingly demonstrates it; for these inscriptions are always found in one of four ways: either the slabs of marble have been turned upside down, so as to render the reading of the inscription a work of difficulty; or, in addition to this, the letters have been filled up with fine cement; or the inscription has been partially, or wholly, erased; or, lastly, it has been turned to the inside of the grave, so that without violence none would ever have been aware of its existence. I do not say that there are absolutely no exceptions to these rules, but they are so exceedingly rare, as to be quite insignificant; and as no man of common sense ever dreams of objecting to the arguments of a Paley or a Sir Charles Bell, because in a score or two of persons, or even in two or three hundred, the mechanism of the hand or of the eye is imperfect, and not as they have represented it, so it is impossible to found any reasonable objections to our present argument upon the strength of some half-dozen exceptions of an opposite tendency. Both the orthography and the grammar of a vast number of the inscriptions in the Catacombs betray the illiterate condition of those who wrote them; why should not some of these men have been wholly unable to read, and so made use of stones with heathen inscriptions, which, had they known them, they would have erased? Half-a-dozen of these, carefully obliterated or concealed, are a stronger argument in favour of the Christianity of those who handled them, than a dozen, left untouched, can possibly be of the reverse; the one may have been occasioned by haste or carelessness, by necessity or through ignorance, the other can only have proceeded from design and a settled purpose. Besides, as I have already implied, the proportion of examples is quite in the opposite direction; the instances of Pagan inscriptions, unobliterated and unreversed, are not more than sufficient to furnish a fair illustration of the principle

" exceptio probat regulam." But, secondly, some of the Catacombs have been found connected with those very columbaria which I just now described, and which, as I said, are exclusively and unequivocally Pagan. This objection at first sight looks somewhat serious, but on a closer examination it proves to be of no more real weight than the former. It is true that, in the present condition of the Catacombs, it has been possible to enter into some of the columbaria from the streets of the Christian cemeteries; but this was not originally intended; it has been the result of time, of accident, and of violence. The early Christians engaged in constructing their subterranean graves and churches might sometimes chance to encounter one of these Pagan buildings, which, like their own, were buried (in part at least) below the surface of the ground, and, moreover, were very numerous on every road from the city, especially on the most frequented, the Latin and the Appian. When this accident occurred, it must have been a source of great uneasiness to the poor Christian excavators. If the niches of the columbarium, into which they had so unwillingly intruded, were already full, and the columbarium itself, therefore, no longer frequented by its owners, the danger was not so great; for it might be owners, the danger was not so great; for it might be that the intrusion would never be discovered; but if, as must more frequently have been the case, there was room yet left for receiving the cinerary urns of the fa-mily, the chamber might be visited for this purpose, perhaps on that very day in which the pickaxe of the Christian labourer had penetrated; and we may be sure that they lost no time in repairing all the mischief they had done; that is, they would restore those urns that had been accidentally misplaced, and stop up the gap that had been made, in order to guard against the immediate peril of discovery by the Pagans, who would otherwise be furnished with a clue to those secret retreats and places of assembly "of the new superstition," of which they were so jealous; and, secondly, they would raise some artificial support from beneath, to prevent the superincumbent weight from falling into the vacuum, their own labour had created; of course. the vacuum their own labour had created; of course, also, they would not continue their excavations in the same direction. Accordingly we find the ruins of walls—not walls of the natural soil, but built with regular masonry—and the streets of graves abruptly terminating in the rock, wherever a columbarium and

a catacomb have happened to come in contact. And if the entrance to the columbarium appears to have been re-opened and enlarged, this has been occasioned partly by the lapse of years, during which the wall of the Christians having given way, portions of the Pagan superstructure have been carried along with it; partly also by the ravages of greedy plunderers, who at various times have entered these sepulchral abodes and stripped them of every thing that seemed to be of value. Had a columbarium been found with a staircase or other regular entrance, of ancient construction, descending into a Christian catacomb, it would have been difficult to deny that a real union had been intended between them; but, as it is, nothing of this sort can be pretended; and their proximity, therefore, must be considered as purely accidental, and the communications at present existing as the work of time and violence.

But though the Catacombs were not originally intended as burying-places for the heathen, and though no heathen were ever buried in them, yet it has been asserted that they were constructed by the Pagans for other purposes, and that the Christians only entered into the fruit of their labours. This theory, it must be confessed, bears a certain air of modesty and probability about it, and names of great authority are not wanting in its support; nevertheless, an attentive examination of facts obliges us wholly to reject it. No theory is good for any thing, however plausible, which leaves unaccounted for a large class of phenomena be-longing to the subject which it professes to explain; and this is precisely the case in the instance before us. It is said that the Catacombs were originally dug by the Pagans as mere sand-pits and stone-quarries, and that the Christians only excavated the graves in the sides, or natural walls, of galleries already completed; or prolonged those galleries, and made other subsequent additions, according to the increase of their wants. But, if this were so, how comes it that from the very first these cemeteries afforded so secure a retreat to the persecuted Christians? Had the quarries been wholly forsaken and forgotten by the Pagans? or was every individual of the sand-diggers a convert to Christianity, or, at least, a conniver at its progress? Either of these suppositions is in the highest degree improbable, yet one or the other must be true, if the Christians did not dig the Catacombs themselves; for it is undeniable that they were used in times of persecution, and used suc-

Nor is this all; some of the Catacombs are dug in places where there is neither sand fit for cement, nor stone for building; and what shall we say of these? Such, for instance, as the Catacombs of Ponziano on Monte Verde, and those of St. Valentine on the Via Flaminia: in both of these the soil is a mere marine or fluvial deposit, a confused mixture of earth, and sand, and shells, and pebbles of various sizes, of vegetable and animal fossils, and of other heterogeneous materials. For what purpose could the Pagans have excavated these? it must have been an expensive and laborious work, requiring continual caution and many substructions of masonry, and there was literally nothing to reward their toil. It is well known that a large proportion of the soil in the neighbourhood of Rome is of volcanic origin, and, without pretending to geological exactness, it has been divided into three principal classes; the first of pure puzzolana, a kind of dark, rough, gritty sand, having something of the colour and consistency of pounded ashes; the second of tufa litoide, which is hard and durable, and fit for purposes of building; the third and last, of tufa granolare, which is something between the two, neither so solid as the tufa litoide nor so utterly devoid of solidity as the pure puzzolana, and of which there are many different degrees. Of these, the first two were obviously the most useful to the Pagans, the first for cement, the second for stone; and no less obviously they are both unsuited for the formation of a Christian cemetery, such as those which are to be found in the Catacombs; the one, because it requires such exceeding labour to work it; the other, because it is too light and loose to admit of four or five, or even of two tombs (or shelves, as one might almost call them), placed one above the other with nothing but the mere soil between them; still less,

therefore, could it bear the additional weight of the corpses to be laid on those shelves, of the tiles or marble slabs necessary for shutting them up, and the cement whereby those slabs are to be secured: you may crumble whole pieces of it between your finger and thumb, and if you attempt to write on it, however lightly, with a piece of chalk, it gives way, like so much powder, beneath the pressure. On the other hand, the tufa granolare, which was least useful to the mere builder, is precisely that which lent itself most easily to the purposes of the Christian gravedigger, and here accordingly most of the Catacombs are dug. I say it was least useful to the mere builder, because although we some-times find large blocks of it in the foundations of old Roman houses, yet it is only in private buildings of very moderate dimensions, and where it is not exposed to the air; under other circumstances it is so easily destroyed, that it is of no use at all; moreover, it must always be used near the spot from whence it has been dug, for the mere jolting of a cart suffices to break it in pieces. Again, then, let me ask, for what conceivable object could the Pagans have excavated miles upon miles of subterranean galleries in a rock of so useless a quality? these galleries too having an average width of less than three English feet, and being sometimes more than half a mile (very generally, a quarter of a mile) distant from any exit to the open air. For what purpose did they prosecute such laborious works under circumstances of such peculiar difficulty, and where the only fruit of their labour must have been a certain quantity of broken tufa (for I have already said that it could not have been carried so great a distance in blocks)? True, this tufa thus broken might have been put to the same uses as the pure puzzolana; but why should they have extracted an inferior material at a greater cost when a better could be procured so much more easily? Surely this is contrary to every dictate of common sense, to say nothing of the principles of political economy. We may conclude, therefore, on the simple utilitarian text of cui bono? even if all other evidence were wanting, that the idea of a Pagan origin to the Catacombs must be altogether rejected; and we need not hesitate to affirm that none but Christian labour ever had share in their construction.

What must be said, then, to the assertions that we sometimes meet with, that the contrary may be proved by undoubted historical evidence? That the authors of these assertions are guilty of the most egregious ignoratio elenchi it was ever our lot to encounter. The point which they have undertaken to prove is this, that the Catacombs, or those subterranean galleries in which we find so many thousands of Christian graves, were originally dug by the heathen; the point which they do prove is this, that there were extensive sand-pits and quarries in the neighbourhood of Rome more than half a century before the Christian era, and that they still remained in the days of Nero: to identify the one with the other there is not a tittle of evidence.

This letter is already too long; nevertheless, I must briefly state their arguments, that my readers may have the appartunity of indian for the understanding the content of the content o

the opportunity of judging for themselves.

We read in one of Cicero's Orations* that a young Roman, Asinius, was enticed into the arenariæ outside the Porta Esquilina, and there murdered by persons ambitious of becoming masters of his great riches; and we are told by Suetonius† that when Nero was flying from the soldiers of Galba, he was exhorted by his freedman, Phaon, to rest a while, and to hide himself in a sand-pit that had been dug on the Via Nomentana, outside the Porta Collina, to whom Nero replied that he would never go underground alive. Here are all the proofs for the Pagan origin of the Catacombs; and I think none will be disposed to accept them as very convincing: as our history advances, their inconclusiveness will become yet more apparent.

Reviews.

Brothers and Sisters: a Tale of Domestic Life. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated from the original unpublished Ms. by Mary Howitt. London, Colburn. CERTAINLY no novel ever had less pretensions to a

* Pro Cluentio, § 13. + Neron, 48.

plot, than this last production of the popular Swedish lady's pen. Story it has none. It is a series of family sketches, detailing the incidents of life that befel a family of orphans in the author's native land, just as they may be supposed to have happened, one after another, in the ordinary course of events. The interest is kept up by the development of the characters of the brothers and sisters, which is, indeed, somewhat obtrusively, the purpose of the book, and by a fair allowance of sicknesses and deaths, and a considerable quantity of love-making and matrimony. Add to all this a good deal of Miss Bremer's peculiar style of reflection, both in the way of theology, philosophy, sentiment, and art, and we have the substance of the three volumes.

In some respects we like the book better than most of its fair author's other tales. There is less eating and drinking, less cloudy rhapsody, and decidedly better religious principles than she has been wont to enunciate. There is something more definite, more objective, and more real in the talk about theological topics, which she has too abundantly introduced into her conversations and disquisitions; though there is a certain story of the apparently miraculous conversion from atheism to Christianity of one of the many heroes of the tale, which will take some of Miss Bremer's latitudinarian admirers by surprise, and which we must confess to our ears sounds a little far-fetched.

The chief fault in the story lies in the too uniform tone of description which pervades the whole collection of scenes, and the strained and declamatory manner into which the writer is perpetually falling. There is a sort of toujours perdrix taste in the intense domesticity, and rather overdone fraternal sayings and doings, which we must own to having found somewhat cloying. On the whole, however, the novel is pretty enough, and shews a sweet spirit in its author, and we doubt not will take its place among the most popular of Miss Bremer's fictions. It has no characters—unless perhaps Uncle Herkules—who will rank among the original and quaint conceptions of some of her earlier tales; but there is so much that is graceful, interesting, pretty, and good, in its pages, that few will begin the book without reading it with pleasure to the end.

Of course, Miss Bremer sees a great many things couleur de rose, which we who are not captivated by any of the last new receipts for the regeneration of mankind, count to partake of the nonsensical and chimerical; and when she seems to be getting near to some great, spiritual, and real truths of poetry and philosophy, all at once she disappoints us, and loses herself in a cloud of words and mystifications. however, may well be overlooked, where there is little or nothing positively to find fault with; and we may even trust that before our fair Swede has come to the end of her career, she will have written books as much characterised by sound sense and shrewd discernment of conflicting theories, as her past tales have been marked by a peculiarly delicate appreciation of character, and of the little ups and downs of every-day home-life. Her personages have still, it is true, an unpleasant way of introducing the name and acts of the Almighty in their jesting converse, rather by way of pointing a piece of humour than for the purpose of expressing any thoughts that were really in their minds. Still, these and other maculæ appear but seldom; and there is so much that is simple, pure, and well-intentioned, that we are disposed to place the faults rather to the account of the society in which Miss Bremer is accustomed to find herself in the not very moral land of Sweden, than to any actual faults of her own.

An extract or two will shew the family of brothers and sisters as Miss Bremer paints them. In the first we give, they are drawn by one of themselves.

"'I find,' said Göthilda, 'that we Dalbergs are now really the most remarkable people in the city, and I expect that some fine day people will have medals struck of us altogether. I think, therefore, that we ought to prepare ourselves for the occasion, and to choose for ourselves suitable attributes and mottoes. Come, Bror, let us two lay our heads together and prepare a rough sketch of the attributes and mottoes suitable for all the members of the family.' Bror and Göthilda laid their wise heads together; pondered, laughed, and made de-

signs, and in the evening laid before the family circle the fol-lowing sketches of medals, the figures all a little caricatured. General Herkules, with the hammer of Thor uplifted in his hand. Inscription - 'Against the devil, and for the fatherhand. Inscription—' Against the devil, and for the father-land.' Augustin, as a schoolmaster, with a stupid-looking school-boy before him, representing 'the rising generation,' on whom he is endeavouring to impress his motto—' Man has no rights, he has merely duties.' Sister Hedvig, spinning at a flax-wheel, with the flax in heaven and the spinning-wheel on the earth. The inscription—' Patience.' On the reverse of the medal a wreath of lilac, and within, the words—' For all.' Ivar, rowing a hoat on the open sea in a severe storm. all.' Ivar, rowing a boat on the open sea in a severe storm. The inscription—' Where does my fate lead me?' On the reverse—' It all goes madly.' Gerda, as Valkyria, with an uplifted lance; a runic and mystic inscription around it. Bror could not undertake to interpret it. Bror himself, as an arbitrator between two fighting cocks. The inscription—' Let no one dispute about tastes and likings.' Göthilda, striving with fate for dominion, represented by a sceptre, which might also be mistaken for a poker. Inscription—'All or nothing.' Engel, cheek by jowl with Uno, singing the one to the other an aria out of the 'Creation,' 'Thy will is my law.' The Cadets, No. 31 and No. 32, armed, the one with a pancake, the other with a purific which they are just about to smaller. the other with a muffin, which they are just about to swallow down. Inscription—' Pro patria.' Lastly, the family medal, upon which all the members of the family are seen in a large carriage driving up a lofty mountain, on the top of which may be seen the temple of the sun. The horses pull with all their might, and the coachman, the genius of the family, cries out Gee up !-allons !' "

How they were all wont to speed in their more gambolling hours, the following scene will shew:

" All are assembled; the cadets as well as the rest. General Herkules sits at a little table, close beside the great table of the drawing-room. On the table stands a shaded candle; before the General lies a thick manuscript; beside him a watercaraf and a glass. At the large table sit: Aunt Queen Bee, with a devotional and friendly mien, polite and interested in the highest degree. Uncle Urbanus, speculating on getting to read his famous work on the dramatic art, which he has laid on the table by him, and ever and anon regards with affectionate glances and a sly smile, as if he would say, 'Ah, yes, yes!' Göthilda, secretly speculating on snatching away and confiscating this same formidable work. Ivar, gloomy as Prince Hamlet at another certain reading, or rather, representation. Master Jarl, with his hair in his eyes, gravely occupied in spoiling Göthilda's scissors. Hedvig silently went on with her knitting; a little sleepy. Augustin, unobserved, busy in ravelling her yarn, so as to waken her up with spoiling her work. Engel, a little pale, as if with some secret trouble of work. Engel, a little pale, as if with some secret trouble of heart. She appears to listen, by starts ever and anon, and looks towards the door. Mina and Serafina, the one red the other white, trying to avoid Bror's roguishly solemn and threatening looks; beneath which they hung their heads like liles of the valley. The future defenders of the Fatherland No. 31 and 32, sit erect as lighted candles, and unhappy as recruits. All is not right with them. They have been broken off from a hot wrangle with Göthilda and Master Jarl, in order to attend the great reading, and their spirits have been thereby powerthe great reading, and their spirits have been thereby power-fully oppressed, but have by no means gone to rest with their bodies. They may be compared to two ale-bottles which have been uncorked, and then corked again, but loosely, and which work and fiz in secret, ready every moment to explode and send the cork to the ceiling. When they look at Aunt Queen Bee's devotional aspect, at Uncle Urbanus and Göthilda, and especially when Bror looks at them, then and there do they look in a perilous condition.
"General Herkules has a dangerous look too, but of another

stamp. He is about to awaken the reminiscences of war, fierce and solemn, and he is plunged soul and body into them. He too has glanced sundry times at the door. The clock strikes seven! 'Now have we waited long enough,' says the General. 'Uno is certainly not coming. We may begin.' And with a stern and severe expression, he commences:—'The great Ehrenheim says: History has had its convulsive epochs, when Ehrenheim says: History has had its convulsive epochs, when some great interest of state, struck by accident, has lost its political and moral counterpoise, and is given over to the despotism of the passions. Human weakness, carried away by the impulses of the highest power, the bonds of social order, the illusions of fortune, rushes blindly onward along the open road, and takes officious zeal for the standard of the morality of action.' 'A deep reflection that!' Aunt Queen Bee.—'The morality of action—very fine!' Uncle Urbanus, who did not hear more than the last word—'Eh, eh! very moral.' Bror, who did not comprehend any part of it—'Very moral.' Convulsive movements amongst the cadets; solemn glances from Aunt Queen Bee, stern ones from Uncle Urbanus, excessively stern and threatening ones from Bror, upon which cessively stern and threatening ones from Bror, upon which symptoms grew still more violent.

"General Herkules reads: 'It is an inevitable law, grounded "General Herkules reads: 'It is an inevitable law, grounded on the organisation of states, a consequence of the connexion between the factor and the instrument,—the palladium of obedience for the moment.' 'Hum—not so clear, that; do you understand it?' Uncle Urbanus.—'Eh? oh, yes.' Aunt Queen Bee.—'Not—not altogether.' The cadets sneeze, and seem to have a violent cold. Uncle Urbanus looks at them with indignation; Aunt Queen Bee reprovingly; Bror menacingly, shaking his head violently, and clenching his hands at them. General Herkules proceeds: 'What the devil does he mean? Well, we shall see.' 'But at length the object will some day be obtained or relinquished: a final conject will some day be obtained or relinquished; a final conject will some day be obtained or relinquished; a final conclusion will arise; the whirlwind of agitation will lay itself; the vapours will disappear, the war will cease, and now will awaken the calm judgment of reason, with the indelible feeling for the just and good.' 'That is truly grand.' Uncle Urbanus.—'Eh? yes; the good and the beautiful, and the—what do you say?' Dreadful symptoms amongst the cadets. Bror knocks on the table at them. No. 31 explodes, and darts hastily under the table. General Herkules looks about with astonishment, but resumes: 'After this the general opinion administers the laws.' No. 32 explodes with a species of snorting, and disappears also under the table. Suppressed tumult beneath it—consternation above it! Mina and Serafina seem ready to fall.

ready to fall.
"The General proceeds: 'She constructs after this her model for warriors in their white and unspotted armour, with their open alacrity in the knightly form, which gives to the conqueror the revenue of the conquered. 'Beautiful!—exconqueror the revenue of the conquered.' Beautiful!—exactly the thing for our young boys to hear and learn by.' Uncle Urbanus looks under the table, starts instantly, and draws terrified back. Unable any longer to hold herself up, the laughter-loving Göthilda now dives down, drawing with her Uncle Urbanus' work! Uncle Urbanus dives in desperation after his treasure. Tumult! The laughter-mine under the table explodes, and draws with it, irresistibly and helplessly, every person above the table, with its ringing merriment. At the sound of this explosion, General Herkules looks hastily up, with glances of lightning. The guilty ones under the table begin now to pop up their heads, with countenances red and distorted with convulsions of laughter! There was a general confusion."

Of course, there followed a general catastrophe. Uncle Herkules rose in wrath, flung his papers aside, stalked about the room like a roaring lion, rated the uproarious youngsters furiously, and then, like a "Model Uncle," was pacified, and discoursed to them placidly and sadly of the doings and sorrows of his own younger days. But we must give a few sentences from Miss Bremer's more reflective scenes. Here is one of the most pleasing and original among them:

"There are two ways of living with nature. The one is universally known and practised. People walk among the green fields with their heads high in the air, and talk about the weather; they gather flowers, smell them, throw them away; they take their meals in the open air—often with a away; they take their meals in the open air—often with a great deal of trouble to those who have to arrange and tire themselves to death with the necessary preparations for the 'fêtes champêtres;' may go out on the water; fish, hunt, sing; look about them, enjoy themselves, yawn—do I not know? And—people economise; they sow, they reap, they rear calves; shear their sheep; fatten pigs; feed chickens; bleach linen; gather berries; dry vegetables; pickle meat; make preserves, and such like. And all this is good. Honi sait and many meanse. I myself have done the same. soit qui mal y pense. I myself have done the same.

"But still there is another mode of living with nature, too

little known and too little practised for the happiness of man-kind. And it was this in particular which now made Hedvig, as it were, begin a new life.

" Her spirit was, like all true northern spirits, of an inquiring and investigating kind. She liked to seek to the origin, to the fountain-head, to the innermost of every thing. And in to the fountain-head, to the innermost of every thing. And in her intercourse with nature, this desire of investigation became a source of delight to her. From this cause there was now a new and unexpected point of union between herself and Augustin, and subjects for common activity and enjoyment. They studied together the life and changes of the vegetable and insect kingdom; and every plant, every flower, every little winged or creeping creature around them must reveal to them its name, its life, and the history of its development. To see the great in the small became to them a daily delight. The remarkable analogies which they discovered between the life of nature and human life, the little and the great, led them to a still deeper understanding of connexion between the two, and to anticipations of the great harmonies of life, those which are and those which shall be when discords cease. Hedvig had a peculiar turn of mind towards this view of life; and she often surprised Augustin by her glances into these depths, whilst he

enlightened her on the subject of the practical sciences. In this way there arose between the brother and sister a still more inward conviction of reciprocal feeling. They became more and more every thing to each other; and still more happy with each other, while they increasingly became that which human beings ought to be on earth—an intelligent link between nature and its Creator. And not intelligent only. The delight of this brother and sister would have been incomplete without warm gratitude to the Giver. The joy of adoration is to the intelligent the highest feeling of happiness."

The next strikes us as peculiarly beautiful:

" Man is bound by a thousand threads to humanity, although he may not observe them until he is about to leave them, as the spider-web is not perceived until the frost is on it,' says Von Unge, sorrowfully and truly, in his interesting book, 'Walks in the Fatherland' (of which we could wish for

a new edition).
"Hast thou, however, observed, during a beautiful autumn morning, fine, glittering threads floating in the air, sprinkled with tears of dew, and lighted up by the sun? They are called 'Mary's silken threads;' and they beam on such mornings like little rainbows, which attach themselves to the leaves and flowers of earth. And when a beloved and esteemed human being is threatened with death, and is about to take his leave of this world, we then see beaming around him these silken threads, which are illumined by the tears and the sun of affection.'

The death of the old General will fitly close our notice. He is certainly one of the most agreeable personages in the book; and his ways and words are less unlike the realities of life than a good many of the ways and words of his more enthusiastic, more heroic, and more poetical (?) nephews and nieces. Luckily for the reader, he does not die till the end of the third volume.

"A new festival was again in full bud at the little Birch Island. It was Uncle Herkules' birthday. On this day he was which were 'Göthilda's ideas.' On this day he was to be treated with pure surprises and merry schemes, all of which were 'Göthilda's ideas.' On this day the banns were to be published in the church for Jarl and Göthilda; and early in the morning the whole house was bright with garlands and crowns, and more cheerfully than common sounded the churchbells in the clear frosty air. The floor of the garden-parlour was strewed with fragrant juniper-twigs; and already the breakfast-table stood spread out in profusion. Early in the morning stole Göthilda and Karin, with a garland of fresh laurels, mingled with immortelles, to the door of the old man's chamber. Göthilda had chosen for her purpose the time when the General, after having read or worked for a couple of hours, commonly indulged himself with a little nap, sitting in his tall arm-chair. She pressed softly in at the door, and was right — General Herkules sate at his work-table, leaning back in the tall gothic chair, and was slumbering soundly, with his head bent down to his breast Upon the table before him lay his Charles XII.'s Bible, open, and beside it lay Thor's hammer, and his hand rested on its handle.

" Ivar's young wife and Göthilda stole in and placed the chaplet upon the old man's head, cautiously, cautiously !- and then retired with stealthy footsteps, not a little delighted at the whole having succeeded so well, and that the General had not waked. They now joined their brothers, and sisters, and friends, who were assembled in the outer room, where Augustin held in his hand a large drinking-horn, richly mounted with silver, which was a present from the brothers and sisters to

Uncle Herkules.

"All now struck up that cheerful song, which was so dear

to him:

'Swedes in the old times drank from the horn!'

the old Count sho At the cheerful, beloved sound the old Count should have awaked and been pleased; that was the intention. awoke not.

" Beautiful was it to see that old head, with the green laurel chaplet on his silver-white hair. The morning sun now threw its golden beams upon it. The flowers of the immortelle

shone out like stars. The song was sung to its close.
"'It is remarkable that he does not awake! Shall we sing the song again?' said the brothers and sisters. 'The coffee is getting cold!' said Hedvig, a little troubled. 'Go and kiss him, Göthild!' said Augustin; 'he will not be displeased at

him, Gothilda!' said Augustin; 'he will not be displeased at being woke in that way; that I promise you.'

"Göthilda went up to him, and pressed her coral lips upon the old man's brow. But she shuddered as she did so. The brow felt so marvellously cold. With the movement that Göthilda made, the General's right hand fell down from the table, and the hammer with it, making a loud noise on the floor. The hand sunk on one side, so that it rested on Göthilda's breast. Göthilda habed inquisingly upon the slum. floor. The hand sunk on one side, so that it rested on Gothilda's breast. Göthilda looked inquiringly upon the slumberer. And with that she began to tremble violently; and large tears fell from her eyes upon the old man's head. The others approached nearer.

"'Dead! dead!' was whispered sadly and anxiously through the family circle. It was so. General Herkules would wake no more on earth. 'May we all be thus removed!' said Augustin, as he grasped the hand of the sleeper. And all the children whom he had loved and had cherished went up to him, and kissed him affectionately, with tears. But Göthilda lay down at his knees, and embraced them in violent and bitter

"' It is his birthday, Göthilda!' said Jarl Herkules, as he sed her up; ' his birthday, in the highest and best sense of raised her up; 'his birthday, in the highest and best sense of the word. His last prayer is now fulfilled. He will bless us from his bright heaven, and we will gladden him with an earthly

life!' And he kissed away her tears,

Recollections of Republican France. By J. G. Millingen, M.A., M.D. London, Colburn.

DR. MILLINGEN is a cleverish, superficial, and egotistical individual, who, having seen the world, or at least some portion of the outside of it, conceives himself to have a vocation for enlightening his fellow-creatures both on the mysteries of metaphysics, and on the facts and philosophy of history. His metaphysics we have small liking for: they are the mere random rattlings of a man who hardly ever sits down to think, but scribbles away every thing that comes uppermost in his brain. His personal recollections are more worth reading, though all the way through he has a book-making tendency to turn all his stories to the best account, and make a little matter fill up more than a quant. suff. of

He begins the volume now before us with a preface in the approved style, informing us that all historians who have gone before have been unfair, prejudiced, and so forth; and leaving us to draw the conclusion, that it was reserved for him alone to expound the hidden workings of the minds of the people who figure in his story, and that he will give us nothing but plain, unvarnished facts, in place of the disquisitions of De Staël, Thiers, Mignet, Michelet, and Lamartine. Then he discourses for a space about "man," who, he says, with a very pretty jumble of metaphors, "must be tested by analysis and synthesis; he must pass through the crucible of adversity and prosperity." After this, and a few other such observations, we are not surprised to find that our author's declaration that he was " behind the scenes" at the time of the first French revolution turns out to be little better than fudge. He was a boy, or a youth, in Paris, at the time of many of the horrors there enacted, and saw Robespierre and a few others of the great butchers of the day now and then in private: and that is all. For the rest, his book is a mere retail of rumours, sketches, and gossipping narratives of the stories that were rife in Paris while he resided there, mixed up with a very considerable quantity of that philosophising and speculating upon characters and motives which he denounces in all the well-known writers upon those terrible times.

Such are the Recollections of Republican France. Such as they are, they are amusing enough, and now and then give a picture of a scene, or a record of an in-dividual, which it is not easy to get hold of in books of more pretensions. It is just the kind of publication for reading-societies, and for those who like the anecdotical portion of history better than its great solid facts. would have told better upon all readers, if its author had abstained from the flourish of trumpets with which he heralds his own approach, and announces something singularly new and important in the annals of that

disastrous period.

Dr. Millingen himself is an army-surgeon. father was a Dutchman, who made some money in India, and bearing no love for his fellow-countrymen, afterwards settled in England, where our author was born. Mr. Millingen, however, did not stay permanently in this country, but being fond of two money-losing pursuits, speculation and travel, journeyed about Europe, and in the end betook himself to Paris, a redhot revolutionist. There the family lived through many of the most frightful scenes of the revolution, and, indeed, experienced more than one very narrow escape with their lives and fortunes. Young Millingen himself was even more red-hot than his parent, and poked

himself into all the holes and corners of Parisian society into which he could thrust his head, He seems gradually to have become accustomed to the diabolical acts of the time, and to have left Paris with an unwilling heart, when he was finally appointed an assistant-surgeon in the East India Company's service. The following extracts will serve to shew the miserable uncertainty of life under which all classes, especially any suspected of Anglicism, lived in Paris at the time our author was

" It was during this dearth of provisions, that my father, "It was during this dearth of provisions, that my father, and perhaps all of us, were well nigh suffering the rigour of the sanguinary edicts of the day. A certain Marquis de Langle, an ex-noble, who was the author of a 'Voyage to Spain,' and of an infamous book, a publication erroneously attributed to Laclos, proposed to my father the sale of several bags of rice, an article that was daily becoming scarce, provided he would advance a certain sum. As the offer was what might have been considered a bargain, he imprudently accepted it, and placed in his hands the stipulated amount. But no rice appeared—days and weeks claused—until one day my father appeared-days and weeks elapsed-until one day my father met this ex-noble in the street, and publicly brought him to account for his dishonesty. He excused himself in the best manner he could on various pretences, and promised that that very night part of the rice should be sent. On this occasion he kept his word, and towards midnight three or four sacks were clandestinely brought to our house, and concealed in a store-room.

"However, the following morning, our neighbour, the fruiterer, hastened to inform us that this scoundrel had denounced us to the Comité Révolutionnaire of the Section, and he advised us to lose no time in distributing this rice among our poorer neighbours. This recommendation my father very reluctantly followed, and we had scarcely shared the provision, chiefly with the fruiterer and the German breeches-maker family, when the commissaries of the section, with a guard of pikemen, arrived to make a visite domiciliaire, when all our neighbours interfered, vouching for the civisme of our family, and the marquis himself was denounced as a secret agent of Pitt and Cobourg. We heard some time after of his being apprehended, on a similar accusation, and I believe he was eventually guillotined, although he pleaded, in his defence, that he had been a secret agent of the Commune or Municipality of Paris."

When such things were common, it seems wonderful that the Millingens escaped such a fate as that which our author records as follows:

"During these sad events, a contempt of life seemed to pervade the land, and the most reckless acts of revenge for private injuries, supposed or well founded, were perpetrated by persons considered humane and quiet. A singular instance of this nature was related to me at the Théâtre de la Nation. Préville, the celebrated comic actor, had retired from the stage at an advanced period of life, and lived at Senlis. belonged to a company of arquebusiers (riflemen) composed of citizens, who went to amuse themselves occasionally in firing at a target. One evening, when they were proceeding to their exercise-ground, a fire was opened upon them from the window of a house, that killed and wounded several of the party. They rushed into the dwelling; but scarcely had they crossed the threshold, when a mine exploded, and blew up, not only several of the riflemen, but the landlord himself. This misseveral of the riflemen, but the landlord himself. This miscreant was a watchmaker, who had been turned out of the company for misconduct, and he thus revenged himself, perishing with his foes. Poor Préville, on this occasion, was amongst the crowd, and deprived of the sight of one eye.'

How near they did run to destruction, another story

"An unguarded letter of mine was nigh dooming my father and brother to a similar fate. It may be recollected that, after the events of the 10th of August, my mother, terrified at all that took place around us, supplicated my father to allow her and her children to return to England. We went as far as Calais, when pecuniary circumstances prevented my father from meeting her wishes, and we returned to Paris. When we left the capital, Van de Niver had placed in our hands a parcel of papers addressed to Madame du Barry, rehands a parcel of papers addressed to Madame du Barry, requesting us to conceal them, and carry them over. An opportunity offered. The papers were sent, and I had the imprudence to write to my father to tell Van de Niver that these important papers had been transmitted by a safe conveyance. I had, of course, completely forgotten the circumstances. I had, of course, completely forgotten the circumstances. However, two nights after the execution of Van de Niver, the awful knock of a domiciliary visit struck our door. arose. The officers of the section entered, and arrested my poor father. Never shall I forget his stoical indifference and sang froid. My distracted mother wanted him to take a

parcel of clothes and linen with him. He quietly put on two shirts, two pairs of drawers, and two pairs of stockings; then, putting a red night-cap in his pocket, he calmly said, 'This is enough to last me till I'm executed!'

"I accompanied my father to the police-office of the san-guinary Commune, but was soon obliged to leave him, as ke was transferred to the Luxembourg. I immediately sought our neighbours the Albittes; the eldest was on a mission. The youngest, Dorival, yielded to my entreaties and the prayer of his sister, Madame de Caux, and repaired to the Comité de Salut Public.

"Their reply was alarming. They could only decide after the examination of the papers found in my father's possession, and these, being in English, had been handed over to the interpreter of the Committee. He was an Irishman—how I do lament that his name has escaped my memory! I hastened to him with Abbé Servois; we were bearers of a letter from Dorival Albitte, and another that his sister had procured from Barrère. The interpreter was an ill-looking man, gruff and rude in his manner. He was surrounded with shelves, on which were placed cartons containing the different documents that needed translation. There was a carton on the table; it was labelled, Affaires de la Du Barry et ses complices. veral letters were before him. He received us in a most distant and repulsive manner; but, after having perused our notes of introduction, he calmly drew out my unfortunate letter to my father, and, handing it to Servois, merely said, Lisez! The pallor of Servois's countenance, his anxious and disconcerted looks, evidently expressed the greatest alarm. The interpreter did not seem to notice it, but, addressing himself to me in English, asked me many questions concerning my self to me in English, asked me many questions concerning my family, and then, turning round to my worthy preceptor, he took the letter out of his hands, and replaced it, with other papers, in the carton. Servois observed that the letter was written by a mere child; to which the interpreter sternly replied, 'This is no child's play.' So saying, he got up on a stool, and placed the carton on the top of a lofty shelf, and adding, 'Many things may turn up before these papers are examined again,' he quietly dismissed us, with the singular injunction to Servois, 'Instead, of teaching this lad Latin and Greek, teach him Les Droits de l'Homme,—a sort of prophetic advice.

"Two days after, the Comité de Salut Public ordered the liberation of my father. Servois had purchased a copy of Les Droits de l'Homme, et du Citoyen, in the form of a popular catechism, which he made me learn by heart, and repeat to him every evening. Strange to say, an officer from the Comité Révolutionnaire called upon us to withdraw a carte de civisme, which my father had received, and replaced it with a carte de sureté, in which he was ordered to present himself to the Section twice in every décade. He then proceeded to inquire if I attended the écoles primaires with the children of the patriots of the Section, and examined me as to my knowledge of less Droits de l'Homme. On being satisfied on that head, he took his leave, recommending me to attend regularly the debates of the Société Populaire; but, previously to his departure, he questioned my father regarding the company he kept, and entered the previously to his departure, he questioned my father regarding the company he kept, and entered the previously solvential to the previously to his departure, he questioned my father regarding the company he kept, and entered the previously to the previously to his departure, he questioned my father regarding the company he kept, and entered the previously to the prev tered the names of our usual visitors in a memorandum-book. My father was prudent enough to mention such of our acquaintances as were well known for their civisme, and amongst them were Grégoire, Royer, the two Albittes, and Serres, the deputy. Strange, inquisitorial inquiry, that shewed the extent of the political ramification of the times. After his departure, we found that this man was Héron, an agent of the Comité de Sureté Générale, and the confidential informer of Robespierre."

Our author's brother continued a long time in prison, or rather in a kind of honourable confinement, for he seems to have passed his days merrily enough. He was shut up, with a good many other English détenus, in what had been the Collége des Ecossais, and in which the former Superior of the institution, the Abbé Inez, was himself detained—a prisoner in his own apartments. Among the rest, young Millingen had for his companions, Sir Robert Smith, of Beerchurch Hall, Essex; a medical student of the name of Charles Este, son of the well-known Parson Este, who was once editor of the "World," and one of the wildest of English Jacobins; and a strange, wild, headlong Irishman, professedly a teacher of languages, but at any rate an amusing associate in the dulness of confinement. They spent their days in playing at cards and at fives; and clubbed the dinners which were sent them from the friends, or depend in from a neighbouring restauration. ordered in from a neighbouring restaurateur. Some of them amused themselves with corresponding with the ladies who were confined in the Dames Anglaises, the garden of which was only separated by a wall from the garden of the college. They carried on their correspon-

dence by means of balls, on the leather of which they scribbled all sorts of effusions in prose and verse, and then threw them over the enclosure. The captive ladies on the other side answered in a similar manner. on the other side answered in a similar manner. The jailer was a good-natured man, and though rigid in obeying his instructions, caused his prisoners no unnecessary annoyance; and they were not subjected to the horrors of frequent visits from the Tribunal Révolutionnaire. On the whole, it is probable that not a few of the English owed their safety to their incarceration; for the ferocious hatred of the people to any thing that bore the name of "perfidious Albion" was so great, that the only hope of the English lay in being out of sight. Astounding stories also of British barbarities were freely circulated-such as, that they sent for savages to devour their French prisoners; so that it is wonderful that any of them escaped with their lives.

One of the most important sketches in the book, is Dr. Millingen's account of his interview with Robes-pierre, when he went to seek his brother's liberation from confinement. There is, of course, nothing re-markably new in it, but as the story of an eye-witness it is curious, especially at a time when one can hardly say whether there are not fresh Robespierres now lying dormant in Paris, awaiting another period of blood and terror. When Millingen visited Robespierre, he lived in an obscure house in the Rue St. Honoré, at a car-

penter's, with whose family he boarded.

"I was ushered," says the Doctor, "into a large room on the rez-de-chaussée, at the bottom of a timber-yard, and was most kindly received by an intelligent young man with a wooden leg, whom I thought was his brother, but found to be a nephew of the landlord, and Robespierre's secretary: I read to him my memorial; but when he saw that it was in favour of an Englishman, he shook his head, and frankly told me, that I had but little prospect of succeeding in my applica-tion. He himself ushered me into Robespierre's cabinet. He was reading at the time, and wore a pair of green preservers: he raised his head, and, turning up his spectacles on his forehead, received me most graciously. My introducer having stated that I was un petit ami de Dorival Albitte,—

un petit Anglais,
"Que veux tu? que demandes tu? was his brief and abrupt
question. I referred him to the contents of my memorial, on which he cast a mere glance, and then said, 'If it were in my power to liberate an Englishman, until England sues for peace I would not do it—but why come to me? Why not apply to the Comité? Every one applies to me, as if I had an omnipotent power.' Here a strange twitching convulsed the muscles of his face. At this present moment I recollect the agitation of his countenance. He then added, 'Your brother is much safer where he is. I could not answer for the life of any Englishment of Pitters. lishman were he free. All our miseries are the work of Pitt and his associates; and if blood is shed, at his door will it lie. Do you know, enfant, that the English have set a price on my head, and on the heads of every one of my colleagues? That assassins have been bribed with English gold—and by the Duke of York—to destroy me? The innocent ought not to suffer for the guilty, otherwise every Englishman in France should

be sacrificed to public vengeance.'
"I was astonished. After a short pause he added, 'Do you know that the English expected that this Duke of York would have succeeded the Capets? Do you know Thomas Paine and David Williams?' he continued, looking at me with an cagle eye; 'they are both traitors and hypocrites.' He now arose, and paced up and down his room, absorbed in thought; he then suddenly stopped, and taking me by the hand, said,

'Adieu, mon petit, ne crains rien pour ton frère.' He then turned off abruptly, and my guide led me out.

"There was something singularly strange and fantastic in this extraordinary man, at least so it appeared to me. He smiled with an affected look of kindness; but there was something and deep in his countenance, and deep thing sardonic and demoniac in his countenance, and deep marks of the small-pox added to the repulsive character of his physiognomy. He appeared to me like a bird of prey—a vulture; his forehead and temples were low, and flattened; his eyes were of a fawn colour, and most disagreeable to look at; his dress was careful, and I recollect that he wore a frill and ruffles, that seemed to me of valuable lace. There were flowers in various parts of the room, and several cages, with singing birds, were hanging on the walls and near the window, opening on a small garden. There was much of the petit-maître in his manner and appearance, strangely contrasting with the plebeian taste of the times. I was told that, in the society of women, he could make himself war acceptable, and the hand which per could make himself very agreeable; and the hand which, per-haps, one hour before, had signed the death-warrant of many of his supposed enemies, would indict sonnets and acrostics; while the voice that had eloquently denounced hundreds of victims,

would sing gentle romances and love-sick ditties.

"A few years before this sad epoch, he had got his portrait painted, with one hand upon his heart, and the other holding

out a nosegay, with the motto, 'à celle que j'aime.'

"On taking my leave, his secretary told me that he was certain Robespierre would be glad to see me, if ever I needed his assistance. I availed myself of this permission, and called upon him several times, although I only saw him twice after my first introduction; indeed, it was very difficult to obtain access to his presence. On these occasions I never observed about the house those bands of ruffians by whom he was said to be guarded, although his door was crowded with wretched postulants who claimed his protection and influence.'

Our author also made an application to Danton, whom he thus describes:

" The only member of the Government I saw, whose brutality revolted me, was Danton. There was something inex-pressibly savage and ferocious in his looks, and in his stentorian voice. His coarse shaggy hair gave him the appearance of a wild beast. To add to the fierceness of his repulsive countenance, he was deeply marked with the small-pox, and his eyes were unusually small, and sparkling in surrounding darkness, like the fabulous carbuncle. David, who looked upon him as a demigod, attempted several times to delineate this horrid countenance, but in vain; exclaiming: 'Il serait plus facile de peindre l'éruption d'un volcan, que les traits de ce grand

From Danton, however, little encouragement was gained. The monster gave a hasty glance at the petition, and said, "You may thank your stars, petit malheureux, that you and all your family have not been sacrificed to public indignation, to avenge the wrongs inflicted on us by your perfidious country." After such a reception, the youthful petitioner was only too happy to rush down stairs again as fast as his legs could carry him.

Dr. Millingen has a few curious accounts of the strange mixture of frivolity with ferocity which is so frightfully characteristic of Paris and the French, and of the instantaneous reactions which took place in popular fashions when once the public mind was sated with blood, and tired of one species of folly and dissipation. We may perhaps return to his pages for a few details of the things he witnessed.

Short Notices.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Vol. III. Bohn's Standard Library.

ALL history is but an approximation to truth. No history, except those which are inspired, ever was, or ever will be literally true. Especially is this the case with ecclesiastical history. Here there are more than the ordinary causes of error at work, and at work also with so potent an effect, that tenfold the amount of skill, and all other historical qualifications, is required for the production of a perfect ecclesiastical history, which is demanded for a mere secular chronicle.

This is obvious from the most cursory reflection on the fact, that every ecclesiastical history must involve the considera-tion of opposing theological creeds, and of the characters and conduct of their various supporters and servants. Here, therefore, is a source of error which will baffle the highest powers and the most extensive knowledge which has ever yet been vouchsafed to a human being. In religious matters we are, for the most part, unable to enter into the state of mind of those with whom we differ. Even when we ourselves have passed through a similar state in former times, yet, with the change in our views, we speedily lose our capacity for thoroughly comprehending the moral and intellectual condition which was once our own. A writer cannot take anything more than an external view of any faith, except that which he himself believes and acts upon. He cannot be perfectly just to his opponents. The very imperfection of his intelligence forbids it. judge their actions chiefly by his own tests, or by the standard tests of our common humanity; while at the same time every man who has had any ample means for intimately observing the working of various theological creeds in the minds of his cotemporaries, must have seen that it is all but impossible to comprehend the true nature and origin of those outward acts which are connected with modes of feeling and systems of doctrine alien to his own. Add to this, that, from many circumstances, the simply critical investigation into the historical accuracy of most sources of ecclesiastical information is a matter of more than ordinary difficulty, and it will be conceded

that an approximation to perfect truth is the very utmost that can be hoped for in this branch of human knowledge.

Such being our view of the matter, we naturally hailed the first appearance of Ranke's History of one of the most important periods in the annals of Christianity, as a boon to the well being of this country. Considering the contemptible character of every thing that was previously popular on the subject, we anticipated a very decided opening of the eyes of his readers to the real facts of the epoch he chronicled. And we are proportionately glad to see that the demand for the more expensive translation has prompted the energetic publisher of the present very cheap edition to provide a new version from the original, in order to place the book within the reach of the numerous class who buy the Standard Library. Ranke's numerous class who buy the Standard Library. Ranke's History has faults enough, it is true; faults in facts, faults in theories, faults in doctrine and morals, and faults in the estimation of individual characters; but taken as it is, it is so wonderfully good a book, in comparison with any thing that was generally known before its appearance, and in comparison with any thing else that is likely soon to take its place in popular estimation, that every lover of historic truth will welcome its progress throughout the country. The last volume, containing one of the most ample collections of pièces justificatives ever brought together by an historian, is just out, and com-

Mary, the Star of the Sea. London, Burns.

WE hardly know what to say of this book, except that it is certainly very far from commonplace. Though a religious tale-wonderful to relate-it is really new; new in subject, in sentiment, and in treatment, and especially new in shewing a remarkable familiarity with the typical character of the per-sons mentioned in the Old Testament histories. The story and its moral will probably strike some people as odd; while as a work of literary art, the book has its faults; but it is certainly very clever and striking, and will interest not a few of those who once begin its perusal.

Life in a Convent.

Or this little tale we can only say the very reverse of what we have said of the preceding.

The London Anecdotes: The Electric Telegraph. London, Bogue.

THIS little affair might have been made both amusing and instructive; but as it is, it is neither one nor the other. It is a mere hodge-podge of newspaper anecdotes, put together with neither method, discrimination, nor good taste. Slang headings and very stale attempts at wit will never make even an anecdote-book sell, unless it has a little more novelty and point about it than these dull stories can boast of. Vulgarity is very far from redeeming the stupidity of a tale. Most readers will agree with us in thinking the following, on the origin of the telegraph, one of the few things in the book worth the printing:

"Upwards of sixty years ago (or in 1787-89), when Arthur Young was travelling in France he met with a Monsieur Lomond, 'a very ingenious and inventing mechanic,' who had made a remarkable discovery in electricity. 'You write two or three words on a paper,' says Young: 'he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small, fine pith-ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful.' This discovery, however, lay unnoticed until about three years since; though the apparatus was designed to effect the same end as the

electric telegraph, by means very similar.
"The possibility of applying electricity to telegraphic communication was conceived by several other persons long before it was attempted upon a practical scale. The Rev. Mr. Gamble, it was attempted upon a practical scale. The Rev. Mr. Gamble, in his description of his original shutter-telegraph, published towards the close of the last century, alludes to a project of electrical communication. Mr. Francis Ronalds, in a pamphlet on this subject, published in 1823, states that Cavallo proposed to convey intelligence by passing given numbers of sparks through an insulated wire; and that, in 1816, he himself made experiments upon this principle, which he deemed more promising than the application of galvanic or voltaic electricity, which had been projected by some Germans and Americans. He succeeded perfectly in transmitting signals through a length of eight miles of insulated wire; and he describes minutely the contrivances necessary for adapting the principle to telegraphic contrivances necessary for adapting the principle to telegraphic communication."

The Fine Arts.

THE GENIUS OF WILLIAM MULREADY.

It is not often that an exhibition of so much genuine interest and importance is opened in London, as the collection of the works of William Mulready, to which the Society of Arts invites the public attention. The object of the Exhibition is in itself sufficiently meritorious to make every man who cares for English art anxious for its success in a mere pecuniary point of view, as the its success in a mere pecuniary point of view, as the first step of a scheme for placing the productions of native genius side by side with the great triumphs of continental painters. Every one who is in the slightest degree conversant with the history of art amongst us, and knows how wondrously little has been done by the managers of the National Gallery (with all their extravagant outlay) for the formation of a truly great collection of paintings, will cordially rejoice to see the rapid tion of paintings, will cordially rejoice to see the rapid progress of such a movement as that which is now initiated by the Society. That it will succeed, we have not the slightest doubt. It is a movement, not only in a right direction, but commenced in a quarter where every thing that is great and lasting must begin. Government patronage is well enough, as far as it goes; but we may rest assured that it will go a marvellously little way, unless perpetually stimulated by a free and spontaneous movement from the world of artists and lovers of art, in their private capacities. The old proverb about "Heaven helping those who help themselves," is as true of Government aid, as in that higher sense in which it refers to an actually divine blessing upon human When the Government dare no longer sit still ;when we have reduced them to the utmost depth of shame with which a ministry can blush;—when we have shewn them that we no longer need their reluctant help, but can help ourselves like men; -then, and then only, will a laggard administration hasten to prove itself the cordial lover and patron of arts and artists;-then, and then only, may we hope to see edifices, galleries, and museums, throughout our land, which the first of European nations need not be ashamed to own.

That any other course can be pursued by a British Ministry and Parliament, we confess appears to us utterly impossible. Nor do we, indeed, wish it to be otherwise. The House of Commons, and the Prime Minister and his coadjutors, are but the expression of the mind of the nation. They are not our masters; they are our representatives. They do for us what we wish and not what they wish. They cannot do otherwish and not what they wish. wish, and not what they wish. They cannot do otherwise; they dare not do otherwise. In the long run, whatever may be the anomalies and vagaries of individual acts and measures, the legislature must frame laws solely in accordance with the will of the great body of electors in the imperial kingdom. If the people will have free trade, Parliament must grant it. If the people choose to abolish slavery, Parliament must break the captive's chains. If the people are willing to spend scores of thousands of pounds on royal stables, it is not the fault of Parliament that the money is voted. And so, if we have a National Gallery whose outward form is a byword, and whose contents are a small second-rate collection of pictures; if, as a nation, we do little or nothing towards cultivating the genius of our fellow-countrymen, whether as painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, poets, historians, archæologists, or men of science; if the spirit of jobbing divides with the spirit of niggardliness all the little patronage of art which an unwilling Ministry vouchsafes to our age;—whose is the fault but our own? With whom lies the source of the mischief but with ourselves? Are not we the masters of our own country? Have we not power to compel a Parliament to do our own bidding, when to compel a Parliament to do our own bidding, when once we know our own minds? Let us, then, cease to throw all the blame of our national shortcomings in art upon the broad shoulders of Prime Ministers and Boards of Trade, and seek to awaken the mind of the nation itself to a sense of its responsibilities; knowing that whatever the people will, that the people's representatives must, voluntarily or involuntarily, obey.

Therefore it is that we hail this Exhibition as a

sound, healthy, sensible, and practical measure. It hits the right nail, and it hits it upon the head. We shall be greatly disappointed if it does not gather together crowds of visitors to see the master's works; if it does not tend materially to the cultivation of the art of painting itself among its followers; and if it does not end in calling into existence a national picture from Mulready's pencil, at least equal in merit to the best productions now displayed on the Society's walls.

It is time, however, that we turn to the pictures themselves, now for the first time exhibited together. With the exception of Turner, there is probably no other living English artist whose works are so calculated to excite a universal interest, and an appreciation of the real power occasionally displayed amongst us in some of the branches of the fine arts. Mulready is essentially a painter after the Englishman's own heart, such as it is in the present day, or rather such as it has been for the last quarter of a century. His genius is pre-emi-nently of that character which has fallen in with the prevailing modes of thought and speculation of the very practical and untranscendental Briton. Like every successful painter, or successful poet, he has been the voice of his own times; and every sound that he has uttered has found a response in ten thousand bosoms around him. How eminently true is this we shall see from a few words on the peculiar genius of the English

mind and literature. An Englishman, then, as distinguished from a German, a Frenchman, or an Italian, forms all his theories, and fashions the whole code of his thoughts and feelings, upon the practical observation of positive reality, as he sees it in daily operation about him. He is a Baconian in every thing. He must have his inductive mode of getting at all things which he will condescend to approve and sanction. Whatever is most thoroughly national; whatever wins for itself an enduring reputation; whatever attracts the popular feeling at once, and apart from the charm of novelty or fashion, must commend itself to our judgment through the medium of something we ourselves have witnessed in actual existence. We test all things by their fruits, real or imaginary. Whatever turns out well, as far as our experience goes, we decide to be eternally pure and sublime. We can-not begin at the origin of things; we cannot view an idea, as it is in itself, and apart from its local development; we cannot connect a principle with the infinite archetypal source of all truth and goodness, and then without a doubt or a fear devote our whole soul to its propagation, without a thought for the apparent evils that might result from its application. This is being what is generally called practical and sensible; but what, in truth, is too often dry, superficial, unideal, unreal, and, in the end, absurd and mischievous to the last degree. Admirable and useful as is this prevailing tone of mind when applied to subjects where it can be made a fair test of truth and beauty, it becomes the parent of a mere soulless materialism when it intrudes beyond its province, and would fain bring down all things in heaven and earth to the rules of its cold and calculating philosophy

And what we are collectively as a people, in almost all subjects to which we turn our thoughts, such is the genius of Mulready in his own art of painting. Not that he himself is guilty of the same flagrant absurdities, to which our intensely sensible fellow-countrymen are impelled by their determination to be always practical. Far from it: like a wise man, he knows not only the extent, but the limit of his own powers; and thus cultivating them to the highest possible excellence, he has succeeded in the production of a series of genuine works of art, which will hold a high place in the estimation of the world, as long as the panels, canvass, and colours of which they are physically formed shall exist colours of which they are physically formed shall exist. The eminently English character of Mulready's genius consists in this, that he sees all things more with the eye of the body than with the eye of the mind. His knowledge is attained strictly by a most careful and repeated observation of every little minute particular which life displays to his eyesight. He learns to comprehend the absence of a bey him to be a beyond the absence of the second that the contract of the second the absence of the second the absence of the second the second that the second the second the second that the second the second that the prehend the character of a man or a boy, by noting his visible appearance and the actual working of his passions in the trivial events of daily existence. He does

not form his conceptions of this or that individual, or of such and such an imaginary character, by what is said or written of him, or by what his own inward experience leads him to anticipate, or from any ideal standard of humanity in its boundless types. He looks at nature, and penetrates into her hidden heart, just so far as a man can do whose external view is not quickened. aided, and spiritualised by a perception of ideal perfec-

tion and elevated poetic truth and passion. What he does, indeed, he does with wondrous skill. Formed by nature to be a painter; with a hand for perfect drawing, an eye for harmonious colouring, a refined taste for the exclusion of every thing vulgar

(as distinct from what is common), he enjoys qualifications such as are possessed by few, and which, united with a rare power of observation, have placed him among the first masters in his own peculiar line, whose names are recorded in the annals of art. Nor is he to be denied the possession of the true poetic power of ideality, and that in a high degree. Few painters, we believe, have ever attained to a more ready faculty of vivid conception of their subjects. He is eminently not a maker of pictures, but a painter of things. He sees the scene itself which he would embody, before one line is traced upon the cartoon or canvass. He does not begin with imagining a painting, and then copy his idea with chalk and colours. He has that living conception of truth, without which no man can be a great painter or a great poet, and without which the most studied compositions of human talent remain unenlivened by a solitary spark of divine genius. And therefore it is, that Mulready's pictures never look like compositions, but like realities. They speak of nature, and not of an Academy. His figures are lite-They speak of rally occupied with their own thoughts and affairs; and no one dreams of thinking that they were put together by the artist with the cold-blooded aim of producing a certain effect upon the eye. And so too with the accessories in his works; the odds and ends of furniture—the bats and coats scattered here and there in his interiors, the trees and cottages in his backgroundsall appear as if placed where they stand by nature, or by the actors in the scene, and not by the ingenious designer himself. Thus his works are often superior, as real works of art, to many and many a performance of far higher pretensions; and the unprejudiced lookeron is absorbed by the vivid truth and reality of the English painter of humble life, while (without knowing how to analyse his feelings) he regards the great scriptural, historical, and allegorical works of many a famous artist of Italy and Germany, as verging near to posture-painting, in comparison with these simple, living episodes in the great drama of human existence.

That Mulready's genius is of the character we have sketched, will, we think, be apparent to every one who now studies his works in one almost complete collection. Almost every where there is the same absence of any thing ideal, and of every thing which could not be observed by the artist in actual existence. Where-ever, in a few scattered instances, the painter has ventured beyond this limit, he has comparatively failed, and sinks to the level of others with whom, in his better works, he could not for a moment be compared. Take, for instance, the chief pictures which he has painted in illustration of the Vicar of Wakefield. The ketches and book-illustrations, of course, are not tobe included in such a test; but taking together his different embodiments of the good Vicar, who that knows the charming tale itself, does not perceive at once that the painter had no complete definite idea of the good old Doctor at all?. The men in black, supposed to represent Dr. Primrose, are all unlike each other in character, and all (we will venture to say) utterly unlike the idea which nine-tenths of the readers of Goldsmith have formed of the delightful Vicar. The painter is evidently not at home in his work; he never saw a Doctor Primrose. His whole experience in London streets, and country lanes, and parish pulpits, and clerical assemblies, never presented to his sight any creature who at all combined the peculiarities of the genuine invincible monogamist himself. And hence, when he would paint the Doctor, he paints some species or other of the genus parson, in its rather common-place forms, and calls it by the name of Prim-

We should say the same of Mulready's early landscapes. Many of the present world of amateurs are not aware that the painter of the "Wolf and the Lamb" first came before the public as a painter of cottages, trees, water, old houses, rather after the fashion of the old Dutch masters, than in accordance with the popular landscapes of our own time. Yet on the walls in the Adelphi will be found many a quiet scene, of such truth, delicacy, and refinement of idea and execution, that were it not for the after triumphs of their author, they alone would suffice to give him a name among the real artists of Europe. In these pictures, however, while we acknowledge both their intrinsic merit and the lasting benefit which they have conferred upon English art, we discern the same limits of the painter's While we cannot forget that Mulready was powers. the first whose accurate observation of the visible face of nature enabled him to communicate to his works that luminous, aerial perspective which has since been brought to such unrivalled perfection by Turner; we cannot help doubting, at the same time, whether, in Mulready's own hands, the art of landscape-painting would have advanced much further than the state in which we see it in these his earlier performances. There is no trace in them of that yearning for ideal beauty, that perception of the great, the sublime, the touching, without which landscape-painting will never take a higher place in art than the Georgics of Virgil can claim in poetry.

Such being the character of the genius of this emi-

nent painter, his collected works cannot but furnish a most useful lesson to the lovers of art, as it is now cultivated amongst us. From the earliest roadside or street scene to the last chalk sketch, the result of more than forty years' devotion to his calling, the young artist will learn to see the power of pure unexaggerated truth, as an essential element in every work of the pencil. Mulready has never sacrificed upon the altar of a vitiated public taste; and if he has once or twice (as in the Etty or Wilkie-like colouring of one or two of his later pictures) unwisely left his own ground for that of others, and imitated where he had a right to teach, still he has had the same object in view, the simple, unobtrusive, perfect representation of certain scenes of actual life, rendered poetic by their exquisite correctness of expression, and by the disposition of every hue and every figure, so as to aid in the telling of the story, and refined so as to please the most sensitive delicacy by the exclusion of every thing essentially

coarse and repulsive.

In his own particular walk, indeed, Mulready here stands before us, unrivalled by any British, and perhaps by any European painter. With less vigour of idea, less dramatic force, less boldness of treatment than Hogarth;—with less sentiment, less poetic grace, less extent of subject, both in conception and in pictorial treatment, than Wilkie;—in the perfection to which he has wrought his little tales of real life, so far as they reach, he has surpassed them both. Indeed, we question whether any painter of any school ever succeeded in coming nearer a completeness of truth in expression, without passing into the region of caricature. ready seems to hang ever on the line which divides reality from exaggeration, but never to touch it. He never enters into the ideal, whether of beauty or ugliness. Such as nature literally is, such he renders her. Take, for example, one of his best pictures, numbered XXVIII. in the present exhibition, "The Careless Messenger." Was ever any creature more delightfully hideous and misshapen than the angry mother, with her uncovered stays and gawky limbs? Yet there is not a line that we have not seen a thousand times in the lanes and alleys where idle urchins congregate. The sleeping infant actually breathes before us, and diffuses a tender charm over the whole painting: yet was ever child more graceless, according to any conventional ideas of infantine beauty? The unlucky brother, too, and his impudent companions;—there is not a trace of any thing outré or melodramatic in a single face or a single atti-tude; yet the entire action seems to have been suspended by a magic spell into a sudden fixity, that the painter might trace the whole with more than the

fidelity of a sun-picture.

That Mulready has ever laboured as an artist, and not as a commissioned maker of pictures, is, we think, seen plainly in his repetition of the subject of "Lending a Bite," painted sixteen years after the original work, for Mr. Sheepshanks, and somewhat unmeaningly termed "Giving a Bite." Doubtless, in one or two points the second performance has the advantage of the first. It is clearly the production of a more of the first. It is clearly the production of a more experienced artist-of one who knows better how to make up a picture; in the place of a somewhat leaden and over-large background, fresh figures are introduced; the general colouring is also richer and more harmonious: but what a falling off is there in the two heroes of the story! The perfect, exquisite, laughably living expression of the boys, extending to every movement of their limbs, is melted away into something which, if not tame and commonplace, is certainly wonderfully poor in comparison with the speaking original.

A comparison of the works of the various periods of the artist's career will, indeed, be found a very interesting and useful speculation by every visitor to the Gallery. From the earliest landscapes, in which the painter, already a master, though not a tried one, is following his taste rather than the impulse of his genius, and, in the accurate observation of the lights, shadows, and hues of inanimate nature, is cultivating that power of refined colouring and masterly composition which at length shone forth in his proper walk, up to the pictures displayed at the last few years' Academy exhibitions;—we watch the youth, maturity, and vigorous manhood of art, succeeding one another in easy, unforced development. forced development. Here and there, too, an unfinished painting appears among the rest, shewing to the uninitiated the process pursued by the artist in the production of his own peculiar style, and, as it seems to us, partially betraying the origin of that one weak point in his pictures,—the indecision and monotonous pinkiness

of the shadows of his flesh.

Of the whole collection, however, the chalk drawings and sketches are perhaps the most interesting and valuable, both as being less familiar to the public eye, and as shewing the vigour, readiness, and certainty of meaning with which every line comes forth from Mulready's crayon. The sketch in chalk (No. 50) for Mr. Vernon's picture, "The last in," is unquestionably one of the very best things Mulready ever produced, and cannot fail to convince the public that its author is yet in the vigour of his powers, long as has been the period of their exercise. There are also several studies from nature, in the Royal Academy, which are first rate. The penand-ink sketches are less to our taste, being hard and wiry, the lines having a perpetual tendency to run all in one direction, and a certain uniformity and stiffness pervading the whole.

Taken altogether, as we have said, the collection is one of the most important as well as the most interesting which could be got together at the present time, and in the present state of English art. Here we have the works of one who is essentially a painter of his own age; not a revivalist, not a sciolist, not a man of the studio, not a painter for the mob, whether aristocratic or democratic; but an artist, who seizes upon the subjects with which his contemporary fellow-countrymen sympathise, works hard at his art, and paints things, instead of transferring descriptions and other people's ideas to colours and canvass. Let us hope, that when William Mulready is requested by the Society of Arts to paint a picture for the very handsome sum which we trust this Exhibition will realise, he will be favoured with one of his brightest Inspirations, and will produce a work not less elevated in subject than the most pleasing of his best pictures already executed, and in execution rivalling the most successful achievements of his past career.

THE RELATION OF MUSIC TO THE FINE ARTS.

THAT music is, in the highest sense of the word, an art, is universally felt; and though the custom of language has not included it in the list of those which

are technically called "the fine arts," yet the world in every age has regarded it as an art of the most pure and exalted character. Amidst all the unintelligent disputes which at times have arisen respecting its supposed sensual character, the great heart of mankind has revolted from the idea; and by an universal consent, the civilised and the barbarous, of every era and every clime, have accorded to it a place in the same rank with the art of poetry, and have counted the graceful words of the poet, when he spoke of music "married to immortal verse," as nothing more than the expression of that secret estimation in which the mind holds these two bright gifts of heaven. Sculpture, indeed, with painting and architecture, and all their more immediate kindred and descendants, are termed "the fine arts;" but to nothing in the whole range of art, save to poetry and music, do we ever apply the word "divine." In verse and in song alone, our mind seems to rise above her own natural powers; we appear in a measure to participate in the attributes of Divinity itself; we not only employ the gifts we have received from our Maker in a manner worthy of the high end for which they were conferred, but the very manner in which we exercise the faculties of our souls bears an aspect of something superhuman and divine, and seems to be an anticipation of the powers of some future state of perfect freedom and angelic intelligence.

To define what we mean by art in general is a somewhat difficult task. It is difficult to furnish not only a correct, but a complete definition. say too much or too little; including more in its domain than legitimately comes within its province, or excluding some of its proper functions by drawing our limits too close. If we may venture upon a definition of art, we should describe it as the contrivance, the method, the system, by which the human mind makes use of the material world for its own purposes.* It is, indeed, the necessary result of the position of an immaterial being, clothed in a material body, and placed in the midst of a universe from whose resources it must draw abundantly for the satisfaction of its desires and necessities. The soul within us can hold no converse, save with a pure spirit, without employing the powers of the physical creation in which she dwells. Not only is she compelled to have recourse to them for the preservation of her own present state of being, and for the supply of those bodily wants to which she is irresistibly compelled to attend; but without these she can in no way communicate with her fellow men; she cannot express to them either her thoughts or her feelings; her divine capacities are powerless, until they can avail themselves of the countless objects of sense that surround them, in order to utter those sentiments which are in themselves the operations of the pure, spiritual intelligence.

And when she turns to the visible creation of which she finds herself an inhabitant, she perceives that not only can she make use of its boundless resources, for the support of her present life, for the increase of her enjoyments, for the gratification of her appetites, and the charming of her senses, but that, by a certain marvellous and mysterious pliability, this whole universe can be made the instrument by which she pours forth those ideas which have their origin in the depths of her own immaterial essence. Creation is to her, not only what it is to the beast of the field, but also the element of a language most wonderfully fitted to convey to others every thought that may arise in her inmost recesses. By the constitution of her being, she is capable of a multitude of sublime ideas, of great, pure, and noble sentiments, and of tender, reverent, loving emotions,

to which by the same constitution she is impelled to give utterance, at various times and in various circumstances. Apart from every consideration of utility or experience, she is conscious of a certain intimate connexion and relationship with a world of spirits, some of them, like herself, wrapt in the garments of a material mortality, others the denizens of an invisible world, of whose characteristics all she knows is, that it is inhabited by spiritual beings beyond the reach of her senses. Above all, she is aware of the existence of One, greater than all, to the attributes of whose eternal nature she is impelled to refer all her own ideas and feelings which are pure and exalted, and for com-munication with whom she yearns, with more or less earnestness and frequency, in proportion as she is conscious of being more or less conformed to his pleasure in her own will and habits of thought and feeling, Then, casting her eye upon the physical universe around her, she perceives that, from the varied laws by which it is governed, and from the wonderful attributes and qualities which its different portions possess, she may draw the means for entering into communion with that which is invisible; and that helpless though she be to communicate directly with aught that spiritual, while it is clothed in a material body, in this land of boundless wealth she may discover means for pouring forth all that she desires to utter.

2. Hence also arises the distinction between "the fine arts" and "the mechanical" or "useful arts." The useful arts, as the term is generally employed, are occupied in furnishing man with what is necessary to his existence in life, or what conduces to his bodily comfort and luxury. The fine arts, on the contrary, are devoted to the suggesting to the mind certain thoughts and emotions which possess a power to charm, or to the expression of those ideas which the mind desires to communicate through the medium of what is audible or visible. Of the five senses of the body, three are busied with the useful arts, namely, the touch, the taste, and the smell; the others, that is, the hearing and the sight, are the instruments of the fine arts, the channels by which the sensation of beauty is conveyed to the mind, and by which spirit communi-

cates with spirit.

In some cases, indeed, an art possesses certain of the characteristics of both these species. Take, for example, the art of dancing. Viewed as a mere physical act of the body, it is nothing more than a device for giving vent to the desire for muscular action which is experienced by all who are gifted with youth and health. But as every nation that dances, or in other words all mankind, has been ever wont to connect certain ideas of grace or expression with its varied movements, it thereby comes to possess certain of the attributes of sculpture and painting. In its highest forms, such as the religious dances of antiquity, or the war dances of the savage tribe, it bears the closest affinity to the arts of the painter and the sculptor; it expresses, through the medium of the gestures of living beings, those sentiments which the artist conveys with his pencil and with his chisel. And in its most trivial shapes, such as the quadrille or the minuet of the fashionable ballroom, it sinks into a mere boisterous or frivolous inanity the moment it ceases to aim at the production of those movements and combinations of grace and variety which are sometimes supposed to be confined

Such also is the art of dress. The laws of modesty and the severity of climate compel us to clothe ourselves in garments of some fashion or other; but the universal instinct of human nature compels us with equal force to pay some regard to the forms and colours of our vesture. The principles of the fine arts are involved in the designing of almost every garment that is employed to cover the limbs of man; from the beads and tinsel of the red Indian, to the ermine, and purple, and diadem of the emperor, we seek for ideas of beauty and propriety in the arrangement and combinations of our vestments. Contemptible, it is true, are the modes in which fashion is wont to embody her ideas of elegance and loveliness, and debasing are the sentiments of vanity and folly with which the frail heart of man regards the garments in which he is clothed; but yet

^{*} In this definition we have not attempted to comprise those operations of the mind, in which it employs the resources of purely mental science, such as logic. Though it is usual to speak of the art, as well as of the science of logic, the idea conveyed by the word in this case is so far from being included in the meaning of the word "art," as commonly made use of, that we have not attempted to comprise it in the general definition. How far the srt of logic is dependent upon the use of language, is a metaphysical question into which we are not called to enter in the present discussion. Could it be proved that our mind was absolutely incapable of arranging her thoughts in the syllogistic form without the use of words, we should be justified in including the art of logic in the definition which we have given in the text, as it would in that case be the system by which the soul employs the resources of a vocal or written language for the embodiment of her own immaterial conceptions.

the very same ideas which are the especial characteristics of the fine arts, are connected with the invention or variation of every fabric and every form which are

employed in our dress.

Such, again, is that art which is occupied with ceremonies, whether religious or secular. The gestures and movements of the priest at the altar, of the sovereign on his throne, of the brilliant procession, of the multitudes assembled at a fête or a gala,—all these things are regulated by the same ideas as those which direct the eye of the professed painter or sculptor. Their objects are beauty, and truth of expression; they are representatives of certain moral and intellectual emotions and sentiments, which find their natural and happy expression in these outward manifestations, these elaborate and gorgeous rites. They are living pictures, breathing statues; debased at times to the vilest ends, as the painting or the sculpture has often served the purposes of the foulest desires; but yet in themselves the offspring of what is great, pure, and beautiful in man; and that, not only to the instincts of his mere bodily senses, but in the judgment of his intellect and his heart.

3. Of all the arts, however, music and poetry are the most powerful instruments which the soul possesses for communicating with other intelligent beings. To them she recurs, as to her natural resources, when she is oppressed with emotions that yearn for utterance, or when she seeks for sympathy from those who can share her feelings. They are her language in all that relates to the higher portions of her nature. Prose and spoken words are her language in all the common affairs of daily life, when she wishes to teach others, or to reason calmly and in the spirit of a mathematician, or to communicate those light passing thoughts which float across her, without awakening aught beyond a momentary emotion. But so soon as she desires to utter any fervent feeling, any sublime thought, any tender affection; -so soon as she is impelled to describe in vocal sounds the conceptions of beauty or of grandeur which throng her brain;—so soon as she longs to influence the hearts of her fellow-creatures by awakening their sympathies or commanding their admiration;—then she has recourse to poetry and to musical strains, as the only adequate means by which she may attain her end. Her speech rises from the level of ordinary discourse to the heights of poetic earnestness and feeling, and her exclamations shape themselves into the song of joy or of pathos, or the chorus of triumph; and though often she employ not the artifices and rules of verse, or the precomposed strains of a musical composition, yet her ideas are instinct with poetic fire, and her tongue gives utterance to the varied cadences of a

true and speaking melody.

The means by which we express ourselves in music and in poetry are, it is true, in many respects different from each other. Each art has its own peculiar powers, its own peculiar charms. Each one can produce effects to which the other is inadequate. Their wonderful capacities are only to be thoroughly comprehended when they are united together, each supplying to the other that in which it is by its own nature wanting. Poetry communicates to music a richness of intellectual idea, and a distinctness of moral and spiritual meaning, while it receives in return a living anima-tion, a vividness of colouring, and a certain intensity of emotion, to which it cannot attain by its unassisted strength. It gives in mind what it is repaid in feeling. It describes and defines, with an accuracy which it is absurd to attempt in mere musical notes; it wanders throughout the visible universe, and penetrates into the inmost recesses of the human soul, for thoughts, for conceptions, for imagery, for forms of beauty; and then derives from the melodious art an instrument for expressing all that it has gathered, with a marvellous variety, a fulness of meaning, a depth and fervency of passion, a sweetness and melting tenderness, to which its unaided powers are wholly unequal. When separated, each of the "divine arts" has a charm for the soul of man such as it seeks in vain in all its other resources; but when bound together in a cordial union, they supply to us an instrument for the expression of our most secret and most lofty aspirations, so pure, so

exquisite, so truthful, and so noble, that in its exercise we cannot but believe ourselves to be anticipating the freedom and the enjoyments of a future state of being.

We recur, then, to what we first asserted, that it is custom, and custom only, which has originated the distinction between music and the fine arts. The distinction is a mere arbitrary, unphilosophical separation, resulting from an inadequate conception of the nature of art in itself, and especially of music, as an art. It is the consequence of a habit of viewing art in relation to its means, and not to its origin or to its end. It is a sensuous classification, unworthy of an elevated intelligence, which ought to be so deeply conscious of its own indefeasible prerogatives, as never to accord to aught that is material the right to rule absolutely, even in the drawing up of a definition. So far as music is the voice of the soul, it has as high a claim to the title of a fine art, as the most marvellous triumphs of the pencil and the chisel. The difference between the two is simply that in the one case the mind employs an audible, in the other a visible instrument, for the expres-

sion of her own inward conceptions.

Nor can it be alleged, that though the sweet sounds of harmony and melody are unquestionably an utter-ance of the thoughts of the immaterial spirit within, yet it is more sensual than those other means for expressing our thoughts and emotions which universal consent has denominated the Fine Arts. Doubtless, indeed, there is a delicious charm in the mere impulse of certain tones upon the corporeal ear, which touches, moves, and affects our whole being, as though we were placed within the influence of a magic spell; yet, what-ever be the true theory of the nature of visible beauty, who can deny that certain visible objects exercise also an instantaneous corporeal influence upon us, at times of the most vivid and potent kind? Colour, for example, to mention no other instance, affects the physical system of man, in a manner wholly irrespective of any association or connexion by which it may be bound up with what is purely mental or spiritual. Be the influence of colour, as an instrument of expression, what it may, no man with eyes can refuse to admit that certain hues actually hurt him, while others soothe and lull the sense of sight with a delightful sweetness. There is a positive bodily pain produced by reds and yellows, except in certain combinations, and when sparingly applied: and so, again, difficult as it may be to distinguish between what is and what is not the result of the laws of association, there is considerable probability that other tints are physically grateful to us all. We do not wish, however, to push the parallel too far, or to pretend to dive into those profound mysteries which none can fully fathom, without such an insight into the connexion between the soul and its material habitation as is not granted to man in his present imperfect state of being. All we claim for the divine art of sound is, a title to as pure, spiritual, and unearthly a character, as to any art whatever which it is given to our nature to employ. It will exist throughout eternity, as we know from revelation that the eye also will receive, in a glorious and perfected heaven and earth, that fulness of satisfaction and delight, which it enjoys only in a measure and foretaste even when contemplating the most sublime, the most exquisite, or the most lovely creations of nature in this visible universe.

That the art of music itself would rise rapidly from its present miserable state of degradation, could musicians only learn to estimate it at its proper and its eternal value, we most truly believe; and we have no hope that anything else will be sufficiently powerful to communicate to the perishing music of our age that vigorous life, without which it can never recall the days of its past glories and triumphs. The endless talk we hear, in the way of conventional criticism, is mere trash and waste of words, so far as it attempts to infuse a real vitality into the effete forms of sounds, which now torment the souls of those who love music with a true lover's affection. They will no more reanimate the art of music, than a twaddling about Raphaels and Correggios, or a description of the technique of the studios, will create a Beethoven or a Handel. The Royal Academy of Music will succeed in fostering a school of English composers, at about the same period

in which the School of Design will turn out an English Cellini. Music is perishing, because musicians will not regard it as an Art, and as a Fine Art in everything but name. They might as well seek to revive a man, dying from exhaustion, by dressing him in gay clothes and painting his cheeks. Musical composers want thought, sense, knowledge, ideas, sentiment; in a word, like the painter, the sculptor, and the architect, they must learn to be poets, if they would fain be musicians, and not mere concocters of combinations of sounds, fit only to please the ignorant, the dissipated, the frivolous, or the half deaf.

EASTLAKE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LITERATURE OF THE FINE ARTS.

[Second notice.]

TURNING now from the effect produced by our author's labours on the present age, we shall endeavour to concentrate our attention on that influence which his more abstract studies and researches into the nature of the permanent science of art are likely to exercise over the theory and practice of generations yet to come. Much as we may feel impressed by the active intelligence and refined taste which characterise all Mr. Eastlake's productions, we cannot but recognise, as his especial characteristics, an untiring industry, and a thorough consciousness of the deep and intense labour required to purge the artist's mind from the influence of the conventional, and to fix it on the realities of true and ideal art. If his life had only served to impress upon the intellects of the young Englanders of the artist race the moral taught by the biographies of every ancient great master, that nothing is to be done well without patient, earnest study, and that no man can become really great in the practice of any conditions. really great in the practice of any one branch of the fine arts without striving to acquaint himself thoroughly with all previously known of the nature and conditions of the parent stem, and every variety of leaf, fruit, or flower it may be capable of producing, then, indeed, he would not have lived in vain, and the good he did

would not five fived in vall, and the good he did would not "die with him."

In all Mr. Eastlake's efforts to attain this great end, we fancy we can trace a graceful analogy with the exact line of conduct that must be adopted by the enthusiast who would bring to the highest degree of culture any precious and delicate plant he was anxious should bloom in and enrich his native country. Imagine that tree to be art, and we may thus pursue the parallel action. Impressed early in life, through some peculiar organisation, with an affection for the precious fruit, his first resolution would naturally be to devote himself to a study of its external aspect and properties, super-ficially, in relation to the senses, and afterwards structurally, in relation to its effects on the human subject. Finding these to be most important, he would seek for all procurable information connected with the process of cultivation; he would visit the countries where it had once been indigenous, and trace the difference of its condition as a native and an exotic; he would study the modes of rearing best adapted to develope the beauties of colour and form, on the spots where most attention had been paid to those qualities, and acquire the language of every great continental cultivator, whose verbal or written instruction might aid him in ascertaining the best methods of eliciting great and medicinal uses from the leaves, the flower, or the fruit. He might find that his plant depends for success entirely on the watering and manuring it constantly received; that in some soils it might raise its head hardily, in others be reared only with the greatest care and tenderness. Returning to his own country, he would practically endeavour to rival and excel all he had seen abroad; he would engraft on the native stock all the foreign excellences he conceived might improve its aspect or value; he would cleanse it carefully from every impurity that might sully or taint its beauty or perfec-tion; and while devoting himself most sedulously to the task of actual production, he would not neglect his researches into the conditions of its local existence; he would labour hard to reform and improve the soil in which it had taken root, and on the nature of which it

was mainly dependent for the peculiar form it might assume, and the uses to which it might be applied. He would distinguish constant from inconstant phenomena in the theory of its cultivation, and by sedulously attending to the state of the circumjacent earth, he would feed it with ever-flowing, ever-invigorating sap and juices. Finally, after an honourable life devoted to the rearing of this *Picciola* of his affections, he would bequeath the record of his experiences to his fellow-creatures, and thus materially assist in rendering permanent and indigenous an exotic and casual ingredient in the list of those resources which give strength, beauty, character, and renown to the productions of his native country.

Such an enthusiast in the cause of art has our author been during the whole of his earnest, laborious life, and he may now repose beneath his well-earned laurels, with the happy consciousness that he has done more to make her graces and refinements known and honoured in his native country, than any cotemporary artist or amateur. Perhaps his pictures might possess more force, his writings be more lucid and fervent. Neither one nor the other can be deemed low in object, or careless in execution. All that was within the scope of his natural powers, Mr. Eastlake has achieved; and it would be well indeed for the English School if the same could be asserted of all his brother professionals.

On the science of chromatics, the notes appended to the "Translation of Goethe" afford us some most valuable hints. In the philosophical theory of colour, England has exhibited far more perception and reflection than any other nation in Europe. Newton's immortal discovery of the resolution of the single ray of light into the prismatic series of hues, gave an impulse to the study of light and colour, which has been most admirably followed up by Brewster, Field, Arnott, Burnett, and many other writers. It was reserved to Mr. Eastlake to be the means of introducing to the British public the eccentric though very clever theory broached by the great Goethe, the principal dogma in which appears to be that colours per se are non-existent, but that all are merely modifications of the action of light. Thus two of the primitives are formed from light; red by the intervention of a semi-opaque medium between light and the eye, and blue by covering black with a semi-opaque, semi-illuminated substance. Yellow he conceives to occupy a neutral position between these two, and all other hues to be produced by the antagonism of the two principles exhibited in various ratios. The conclusions at which Goethe arrived—if, indeed, he ever attained to any distinct ideas on the subject-are expressed in so involved and complicated a manner, that it is really almost impossible to arrive at his real meaning. Our impression certainly was, on finishing a careful perusal of his work, that from Mr. Eastlake's notes we had obtained much and most interesting information; from Goethe's treatise little or none. There is one point, however, about his system possessing much interest, namely, that which demonstrates the source of the affinity universally found to exist between light and shade and colour, and which shews how it is that low tones harmonise in con-

trast with small portions of primary colour.

The following is Mr. Eastlake's most interesting note on a statement of Goethe on this subject:

"' Colour itself is a degree of darkness $(\sigma\kappa\iota\epsilon\rho\delta\nu)$; hence Kircher is perfectly right in calling it lumen opacatum. As it is allied to shadow, so it combines readily with it; it appears to us readily in and by means of shadow, the moment a suggesting cause presents itself. We could not refrain from adverting at once to a fact which we propose to trace and develope hereafter.'—This opinion of the author is frequently repeated; and as it seems at first sight to be at variance with a received principle of art, it may be as well at once to examine it.

"In order to see the general proposition in its true point of view, it will be necessary to forget the arbitrary distinctions of light and shade, and to consider all such modifications between highest brightness and absolute darkness only as so many minor degrees of light. The author, indeed, by the word shadow, always understands a fainter light. The received notion, as stated by Du Fresnoy, is much too positive and unconditional, and is only true when we understand the 'displaying' light to comprehend certain degrees of half or reflected light,

and the 'destroying' shade to mean the intensest degree of obscurity. There are degrees of brightness which destroy colour as well as degrees of darkness. In general, colour resides in a mitigated light; but a very little observation shews us that different colours require different degrees of light to display them. Leonardo da Vinci frequently inculcates the general principle above alluded to, but he as frequently quali-fies it; for he not only remarks that the highest light may be comparative privation of colour, but observes, with great truth, that some hues are best displayed in their fully illumined parts. some in their reflections, and some in their half-lights; and again, that every colour is most beautiful when lighted up by reflections from its own surface, or from a hue similar to its own. The Venetians went further than Leonardo in this view and practice; and he seems to allude to them when he criticises certain painters, who, in aiming at clearness and fulness of colour, neglected what, in his eyes, was of superior importance, gradation and force of chiaroscuro.

"That increase of colour supposes increase of darkness, as so often stated by Goethe, may be granted without difficulty. To what extent, on the other hand, increase of darkness, or rather diminution of light, is accompanied by increase of co-lour, is a question which has been variously answered by various schools. Examples of the total negation of the principle are not wanting; nor are they confined to the infancy of the art. Instances, again, of the opposite tendency are frequent in Venetian and early Flemish pictures resembling the augmenting richness of gems or of stained glass: indeed, it is not impossible that the increase of colour in shade, which is so remarkable in the pictures alluded to, may have been originally suggested by the rich and fascinating effect of stained glass; and the Venetians, in this, as in many other respects, may have improved on a hint borrowed from the early German painters,

many of whom painted on glass."

The truth and value of this extract will be felt by all who read it.

Mr. Eastlake's researches into the state of the theory of chromatics during the period in which its practice in Italy was carried to the highest pitch of perfection, are very interesting, and will, we trust, be much more thoroughly investigated and illustrated in his long-promised second volume of "Materials."

He throws out as a possibility, which we cannot but assume as a probability, that the Italian writers on the subject based their systems very mainly on the principles of Aristotle; and he attributes to that philosopher the popular and frequently repeated paradox given by Sandrart, that "Concordia, polissimum picturæ decus, in discordia consistit, et quasi litigio colorum;" basing it on his actual expression, that "we are delighted with harmony, because it is the union of contrary principles, having a common ratio to each other.

We cannot but lament, when we observe the share of attention that the subject of colour has always received at the hands of painters of all ages, that architects, though the subject affects them in an eminent degree, have constantly put it away from them as a thing abhorred, as a pitfall into which if they but trod all chance of success would be over with them. We trust that the nineteenth century may repair the short-comings of previous ages, and that Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Blackburne, or some other gentleman possessing the requisite amount of knowledge, may give us an illustrated grammar of the science of chromatics as applied to external and internal decoration. Mr. ce, we feel sure, possesses the capacity to take up this most interesting subject. Such a work might perhaps prevent the frightful solecisms that are committed around us from day to day, when polychromy is prac-tised by men uneducated alike in mind and eye.

Mr. Eastlake tells us that

"The chromatic diagram does not appear to be older than the last century. It is one of those happy adaptations of ex-acter principles to the objects of taste which might have been expected from Leonardo da Vinci. That its true principle was duly felt is abundantly evident from the works of the colourists, as well as from the general observations of early writers. more practical directions occasionally to be met with in the treatises of Leon Battista Alberti, Leonardo da Vinci, and others, are comformable to the same system. Some Italian works, not written by painters, which pretend to describe this harmony, are, however, very imperfect. A passage in Lodovico Dolce's Dialogue on Colours is perhaps the only one worth quoting. 'He,' says that writer, 'who wishes to combine colours that are agreeable to the eye, will put grey next dusky orange; yellow-green next rose-colour; blue next orange; deep [red-] purple next dark-green; white next black, and white next flesh-colour." The Dialogue on Painting, by the same author, has the reputation of containing some of Titian's precepts: if the above passage may be traced to the same source, it must be confessed that it is almost the only one of the kind in the treatise from which it is taken."

The review of Passavant's life of Rafael, or Raphael, is by far the most interesting biography we possess of that mighty artist, and is the most readable of all Mr. Eastlake's compositions, except perhaps the charming note to Mr. Ker "On the Decoration of a Villa." The sketch of the Court of Urbino, of the great painters who preceded Raphael in Umbria, of his father, and of the atmosphere of refinement and art in which he was born and educated, is most graphic, and no labour has been spared to render the memoir as elaborately correct as possible. Though not adorned with the charming naïveté of Vasari, or the minute German de-Though not adorned with the tail of Passavant, the paper is still very pleasant, and proves its author's perfect acquaintance with the detail of the history of art during one of its most interest-

The series of papers on Sculpture are decidedly the most valuable notices on that subject that have appeared since Flaxman's lectures; and there is scarcely a line in them which is not most just and valuable. Here and there, when treading on debatable ground, Mr. Eastlake's extreme caution, like Mr. Hallam's extreme impartiality, a little annoys us, since we can scarcely get a decided opinion from him on any controversial point; though we perhaps regard with the greater veneration his dictum whenever we do happen to be fortunate enough to lay hold of it. His remarks on the practice of introducing colour in the adornment of statues are most just: the pith of his advice is, that any tinting should be essentially conventional, and not imitative, and only introduced to give clearness, and a distinct recognisable character to particular objects and textures. He does not, however, notice the law suggested in a recent critique on the Royal Academy in this journal, namely, that the amount and nature of the colour given to any statue should be guided entirely by the same principles of convention that regulate the application of tint to the various architectonic forms and surfaces adjacent to it. On this subject, Mr. Eastlake observes that,

"As it is well known that the ancients occasionally added colour to their statues, it will be necessary to consider this difficulty at once. It may be observed, that the colours employed were probably never intended to increase the resem-blance of the object to nature, but that they served only to insure distinctness, or were merely for ornament. The gilding of the hair, for instance, however objectionable, would not be condemned on the ground of its being too close an imitation of real hair. So also the colour which was sometimes appropriated to the statues of Mercury, Bacchus, and Pan, would never be mistaken for flesh. Sometimes the accessories only were coloured. An epigram, ascribed by Heyne to Virgil, alludes to a statue of Amor with particoloured wings and a alludes to a statue of Amor with particoloured wings and a painted quiver. But the mixed materials of some of the statues even of Phidias, the gems inserted for eyes, and the silver nails of other figures, all indicate a practice which the taste of modern artists condemns, and which was, perhaps, condemned by the ancient sculptors also. In many cases religious devotion may have interfered to decorate a statue, as paintings of the Madonna are sometimes adorned with real necklaces and crowns. In the instance of the chryselephantine statue of Minerva by Phidias, the Athenians insisted that the materials should be of the richest kind. should be of the richest kind.

"Notwithstanding these facts, and the difficulty of altogether exculpating the artists, it is quite certain that it was impossible to carry further than they did those judicious conventions in sculpture which supply the absence of colour. It may therefore be presumed that such supposed absence of colour was, with the ancients, an essential condition of the art; and it will appear that this condition materially affected its executive style."

After entering fully into the difficulties of knowing where convention should end in sculpture, and imita-tion begin, we are delighted to find Mr. Eastlake admitting, in reference to those groups of statuary which are arranged only to be viewed from one or two points (among which may be included the Laocoon), that "compositions which admit of being seen from many situations are rare in the antique, and belong to the decline of art; for sculpture had passed the period of its perfection when its connexion with architecture ceased."

The chapter devoted to Basso-rilievo is most valuable and judicious, conveying in its simple truth much quiet, though perhaps unintentional, satire on the extravagance of some of the sculpture of the present day.

We much regret that want of space must compel us to glance only hastily at one of the most interesting portions of the volume-the fragment " On the Philosophy of the Fine Arts," which, we trust, will hereafter be expanded from the sketch into the finished picture; and certain we are that, if only painted with the masterly touch that characterises the bozzetto, it will make one of the most delightful and valuable freatises in the language. It is based on the sound object, subject, and medium system of the Germans; but only comprises an investigation of the former of these three elements, which are necessarily combined in the production of every work of art. Mr. Eastlake thus deduction of every work of art. Mr. Eastlake thus defines the three: - "The subject is the human percipient, the contemplator; the object is the thing or fact contemplated; the medium is that which transmits it to the mind." He then divides the object into two sections, "the characteristics of nature, and the characteristics of art." All he has as yet given us is an examination of the former of these two divisions; and the conclusions to which his examination of this branch of his topic leads, he thus states: "Character," says he, "is relative beauty; life is the highest character, mind is the highest life." Glorious is it for the artist when his whole existence unites in itself all these qualities in the highest degree. Then it is that his life becomes itself a noble work of art-a tangible embodiment of all that is good, true, and beautiful.

May Mr. Eastlake be gifted with health and strength to paint many more pictures, and, yet more earnestly do we hope, to write many more such books as his Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts!

Journal of the Weteck.

June 2.—Lord Palmerston was last night again questioned about his Spanish diplomatic escapade. In reply to a question from Mr. Baillie, he said that he had been informed by the Spanish Ambassador that Count Mirasol had come over to this country on a special mission from the Government of Spain to afford explanation on certain recent transactions at Madrid. His reply had been, that whatever communications the Spanish Government wished to make to the British Government on those transactions he would be ready to receive from its official and accredited agent at our Court. He had thought it right to decline receiving any communications from Count Mirasol; and he had further stated, that it would be advisable that any communications made on the subject should be made in writing. He had since received some communications on the subject. He did not, however, feel it to be his duty to state the nature of them at present.

of them at present.

The debate on the Navigation Laws was then continued and adjourned.

The disturbances were renewed last night at Clerkenwell, but with no result, except annoyance to the neighbourhood.

A dinner was given at the London Tavern in aid of the funds for the erection of baths and washhouses for the labouring classes. Lord Ashley presided.

The Paris papers are principally occupied with the application for leave to prosecute M. Louis Blanc, made in the National Assembly on Wednesday by the Procureur General, for guilty participation in the events of the 15th of May. During several days it had been rumoured in Paris that it would be found impossible to exclude from the list of persons to be prosecuted for the attempt at usurping on the 15th of May the power of the Executive Government and of the Assembly, the names of several persons who had filled high offices in the Government of the Republic. For some reason, not yet stated, the Government was said to have hesitated to assent to the proposition to include Louis Blanc among the persons to be prosecuted; but threatened with the loss of public confidence and of public support, should they suffer it to appear that they dared not incur the consequences of a rupture with M. Louis Blanc and his friends, they at length yielded. On the question of M. Louis Blanc's guilt or innocence the public felt it impossible to pronounce; but his prediction or his threat that the guillotine will be re-erected filled all minds with horror. The Constitutionnel states that the commission appointed to report on the demand of the Attorney-General to be permitted to

prosecute M. Louis Blanc is composed of the following eighteen members:—M.M. Leblond, Dubruel. Avoud, Woirhaye, Freslow, Bac, Nouguè, Douesmel, Abbattucci, Lenglet, Bonjcau, Jules Favre, Roger, Favreau, Porion, Renouard, Denjoy, and Jouin.

The Executive Government has announced that on Friday next two decrees will be presented to the National Assembly: one for the suppression of tumultuous assemblages in the streets, and a second with respect to the posting of placards in Paris.

The Neapolitan troops sent to aid the Piedmontese have refused to obey the King's mandate of recall. General Pepe, who commands, on receiving the King's order, resigned the command; and, resolving not to return to Naples, prepared to offer his services to Charles Albert. On second thoughts, he called a council of all the superior officers, laid his instructions from Naples before them, and expressed his determination not to obey them; but left them at full liberty to take any course they pleased. "Let those," he exclaimed, "who fight for the King of Naples retreat, and those who fight for Italy follow me." The whole council rose from their seats, and, with a cry of "Viva l'Halia!" unanimously agreed to disobey their orders. General Pepe immediately gave orders for an advance.

Juae 3.—The debate on the Navigation Laws was continued last night in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's was the chief speech of the evening. He spoke in favour of the change.

There has been another erecting of barricades at Vienna, but no fighting, and the people won a bloodless victory. the 26th of May, the Academical Legion, though an essential part of the National Guards, and guaranteed by the Constitution, received orders to disband within twenty-four hours. Their commander, Count Montecuculi, came to the University, and called upon the students to lay down their arms. refused to comply with his request, for they relied on the influence they had with the people. It was next resolved to isolate the students, and the gates of the town were shut and guarded by troops of soldiers. The workmen from the suburbs stormed the gates amidst volleys from the military. persons, one citizen among them, were killed on the spot. This was the signal for a general insurrection. Barricades were constructed, the tocsin was sounded, and the rappel beaten. The whole of the population rose as one man. town, nay, every street, was a fortress. Large stones were heaped in every window, ready to be thrown down on the military, if occasion required it. These preparations forced the military to retire, and the people then made the following demands: "Continuance of the Academical Legion—removal of the military within twelve miles from Vienna—the return of the Emperor within eight days, or appointment of one of the Princes to represent him." All this was agreed to by the

Ministry.

The Danes and Germans have had a severe conflict on the Sundewill on the 28th ult., in which the latter were worsted. This will probably materially tend to the settling of the dispute by negotiation.

The events at Naples have excited in Sicily a lively and painful impression. On the 22d ult. the lower house addressed the following message to the House of Lords: "In the sitting of this day the House unanimously voted the following decree: General Parliament of Sicily,— The parliament, afflicted by the misfortunes which occurred at Naples on the 15th, and convinced of the grief excited in every Sicilian breast by the massacre of their generous brethren, decrees: Art. 1. The two legislative chambers, the executive power, all the authorities of the island, the National Guards, the land and sea forces, shall wear mourning during three days, as a manifestation of the sympathy of the Sicilians for the victims who fell at Naples, on the 15th of May, in defending liberty. 2. In all the churches prayers shall be offered for the emancipation of that noble portion of the nation from the tyrant who oppresses it."

On the 23d, at five o'clock in the afternoon, a courier arrived at Vicenza from Montebello with news that 1200 Austrians proposed to march upon the city. The générale was immediately beaten, and every one was soon at his post. At half-past twelve o'clock on the morning of the 24th, the Austrians advanced, and attempted a surprise, but were repulsed by a shower of grape. They afterwards bombarded the city for four hours. The women and children courageously extinguished the fire of the bomb-shells as they fell. The barricades were valiantly defended by the inhabitants, and not one of them was abandoned. At length, after a bombardment of five hours, the Austrians retired; "and if they attempt," adds the letter, "to renew the attack, they will be repulsed in the same manner by the inhabitants of Vicenza." The loss of the latter was 12 killed and 40 wounded.

Naples is in a state of complete prostration. La Cecilia, and the other members of the Ministry, have taken refuge on

board the French fleet. The English frigate Thetis, Captain Woodrington, arrived on the 19th from Messina.

The Chartist disturbances in Bethnal Green and Bonner's Fields yesterday morning were not repressed without a considerable number of broken heads, and the injury of a few policemen. During the time of public service, the utmost confusion and excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood. It having been announced that a meeting of the "six-points men" would take place in an open space of ground facing the Birdcage Tavern in Bethnal Green, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at that hour about 500 persons met together. Having elected a chairman, a man, whose name was said to be Page, proceeded to address the meeting. He said, they were met together to shew Government that they were determined to rest neither night nor day, not even on the Sabbath, without the Charter. From what had appeared in the papers he had no doubt that the police would attempt to put down their meeting. If they saw the police coming, instead of making meeting. If they saw the police coming, instead of making infernal asses of themselves by running away, let them form into a military square, and he would answer that not one of them would be injured. If, on the contrary, they commenced running away, so surely would they be butchered by the blue monsters. The speaker had hardly uttered the last sentence when Inspector Tarleton of the M division of police came in sight with about 40 constables. In an instant a cry was raised of "The police! the police!" and the mob, instead of forming the military square, commenced running in all directions. Here the matter would have ended, but that a few men got up a cry and rallied the mob, who were not dispersed without a free use of the truncheons wherever the police could follow them. In Bonner's Fields a similar scene took place, with the like results.

The Council of the Irish Confederation have issued a manifesto, signed by Smith O'Brien, preparing for war against England when advisable, and saying that it was with the greatest difficulty they prevented an attempt being made to rescue Mr.

The following is a copy of the Queen's answer to the address which was presented to her by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, on Thursday, in favour of Repeal: "I thank you cordially for your address of congratulation, and for the interest you express in my domestic happiness. It is my constant aim to promote the peace, comfort, and constitutional liberty of all classes of my people, and my greatest satisfaction is derived from the assurance of their loyal and affectionate attachment. I have felt deep sympathy for the affectionate attachment. felt deep sympathy for the suffering of many of my subjects in Ireland. I have given my cordial sanction to the various acts passed by the Legislature for the mitigation of that suffering, and I trust that by means of those acts, aided by private charity and local efforts, the pressure of severe distress has been materially relieved. I am fully persuaded that measures calculated to advance the interests and promote the welfare of that portion of my united kingdom will continue to receive from the Imperial Parliament the most careful and attentive consideration.

The Piedmontese Gazette professes to know, on irrefragable testimony, that the Pope has addressed an autograph letter to the Emperor of Austria, offering his mediation, on the absolute condition that Italy shall be evacuated by the Austrians, His Holiness declaring that it is impossible that Austria can continue to rule in Italy after recent events.

Peschiera had not surrendered on the 27th ult., but as the whole of the interior had been burnt down, and a truce allowed for 24 hours, the final surrender was momentarily expected. No less than 30,000 votes had been given in the city of Milan alone in favour of annexation with Piedmont, while but 50 votes were registered against it. On the 24th, the Austrians having left their baggage in the direction of Verona, returned towards Vicenza with a large force. General Durando immediately adopted the necessary dispositions for defence. The two parties fought during the whole night, and the engagement still continued at 9 o'clock on the 24th, when the courier started. The Austrians carried the first barricade on the side of Verona, and occupied the barrack of San Felice. They had thrown shells occupied the barrack of San Felice. They had thrown shells into the town during the night, but with little effect, having only succeeded in burning three or four houses. The temporary station of the railroad had been destroyed by their artillery. The result of their engagement was not known when the intelligence was despatched.

In Berlin the people, supported by the Civic Guard, have seized on a large quantity of arms, which the Government were

secretly removing from the Arsenal. The King was powerless to prevent this insult to his authority.

The German parliament has issued an address, declaring that they will not interfere with any rights possessed by the non-Germanic States resident on German federal ground.

The French Commission appointed to examine the application of the Attorney-General for permission to prosecute M. Louis Blanc sat twice on Thursday. At the second sitting M. Louis Blanc was examined. He repeated the declaration he made in the National Assembly, that he had no connexion

whatever with the attack on the Assembly of Barbes and Albert. A warm discussion then ensued, which lasted from 3 to 7 o'clock. The Committee appointed one of ics leading members to prepare the report, with an injunction not to divulge the resolutions adopted, nor the name of the reporter.

The Presse states that the Commission on the Constitution has decided on the following important points: "The political constitution of France shall be a democratic Republic, one and This proposition was adopted unanimously. project of the Constitution is to be preceded by a declaration, admitting, besides the rights already enjoyed by the people, those of gratuitous education, employment, and assistance. The question on the legislative powers gave rise to several long discussions. It was at length determined that there should be but one Legislative Chamber, composed of 750 members. In case, however, of a revision of the Constitution, the Assembly case, however, of a revision of the Constitution, the Assembly should remain as at present composed of 900 members. The elections to be made by department and by ballot. The Executive Government to be confided to a President appointed by communes, for four years, without direct universal suffrage, by communes, for four years, without a possible re-election. Two millions of votes, at least, to be necessary for the nomination of the President. The Commis. sion has not yet adopted any resolution as to the duties of the President and of the Ministers." The Journal des Débats states that re-election to the Presidency may take place, but after an interval of at least four years from the period when the previous incumbency shall have terminated. The President to be responsible.

A telegraphic despatch, received since the above, says that the Assembly have negatived the proposition to authorise the prosecution of M. Louis Blanc by a majority of 368 votes against 332; and that an attempt to overthrow the Provisional Government of Milan was made on the 28th of May, but was defeated by the National Guard.

June 6.—The debate on the Spanish diplomatic dispute came off last night in the House of Commons. Mr. G. Bankes commenced by moving as a resolution, "That this House learns with deep regret, from a correspondence between the British Government and the Government of Spain, now upon the table of this House, that a proposed interference with the internal concerns of the Spanish Government, as conducted under the authority and with the entire approval of her Majesty's Ministers, has placed the British Government and our representative at the Court of Madrid in a position humiliating in its character, and which is calculated to affect the friendly relations heretofore existing between the Courts of Great Britain and of Spain." the course of his speech he criticised the celebrated letter com-municated by Sir H. Bulwer to the Duke de Sotomayor, contending that it was an uncalled-for interference with the affairs of a foreign Government, which no Government calling itself independent could view without indignation, and which, opinion, was certain to disturb the ties of friendship which had so long existed between England and Spain. He could not permit that letter and the other papers by which it was accom-panied to remain on the table of the House, either with the approbation of Parliament, or without a severe comment upon

Mr. Sheil said that the true question before the House was, whether Lord Palmerston was justified in interfering in the internal affairs of Spain by the peculiar position in which he stood towards that nation. It had been said that the Earl of Aberdeen had never interfered in the internal affairs of Spain, but he shewed that his Lordship had interfered, and highly to his honour, when he was informed by Sir H. Bulwer some years ago that it was intended to plight the faith of the Queen privately, and to take advantage of it subsequently on the assembly of the Cortes. He entered into a detail of the events which have occurred at Madrid since the 24th of February last, for the purpose of shewing that the forms of free-dom had only been used there to veil the hideous form of the despotism which existed. Lord Palmerston had been forcibly struck by that state of things, and it was to prevent the establishment of a grinding tyranny in Spain that he at last deter-mined to interfere. He had written a despatch to the British Minister at Madrid not stronger than that which was formerly written to him by the Earl of Aberdeen. Sir H. Bulwer received that despatch on the 21st of March. On the 23d the Cortes were suspended. On the 26th an insurrection took place. On the 28th Sir H. Bulwer tendered his advice to the place. On the 28th Sir H. Bulwer tendered his advice to the Duke de Sotomayor in an amicable interview, but did not tender Lord Palmerston's despatch. On the same day he went to the Queen-Mother, and tendered the same advice. 9th of April, finding that every expedient had been exhausted, and thinking that the despatch of Lord Palmerston might produce an effect which he could not, Sir H. Bulwer sent it in to the Spanish Ministers.

Lord Mahon declined agreeing with Mr. Bankes' resolution. Lord John Russell reminded the House that recently the Minister of the Queen of Spain had felt himself bound to

impress on the Government of the King of Naples the necessity of shewing elemency after the successes which he had gained over his insurgent subjects. The same advice had been given at the same time by the Minister of England. He said that the Government cordially supported Sir H. Bulwer. It would have been a gross abandonment of character if they had taken a technical advantage of him, and had said, "You had no instructions to deliver that note, and as you have done so instructions to deliver that note, and as you have done so without authority, we disavow you and your proceedings."
With regard to our relations with Spain, he admitted that they were peculiar and delicate; but considering our power and the weakness of Spain, he thought that we were bound to treat her with the utmost forbearance.

Mr. Discoeli praised Signature.

Mr. Disraeli praised Sir H. Bulwer, and attacked the Min-istry and Liberalism in general.

Sir R. Peel said he had heard with the greatest satisfaction

the determination of Government to adopt the conduct of Sir H. Bulwer as their own, and to assume the full responsibility of it. Though he could not concur in the resolution of Mr. of it. Though he could not concur in the resolution of Mr. Bankes, which was a vote of censure on the Government, he must not be considered as giving his full approbation to the conduct of Lord Palmerston. He did not object to his Lordship's giving advice to the Spanish Government, but to his mode of giving it. There was an assumption of superiority in his despatch which was calculated to give offence to a proud nation like that of Spain. It contained a recordatio which was very like an exprobatio beneficii, and which ought to have been avoided.

Lord Palmerston said that he and he alone was responsible for the communication of his approbation to Sir H. Bulwer. He contended that Sir H. Bulwer had behaved admirably, and he had felt it to be his duty to communicate to him that opinion. At the same time he must say that his despatch of the 16th of March was not written to be communicated to the Spanish Government. It was hardly necessary for him, after the speech of Sir R. Peel, to justify himself for having tendered the advice of the British Government to the Queen of Spain; but as Sir Robert had found fault with the mode of his having conveyed that advice, he thought it right to say, that when the Queen of Spain was endeavouring to establish in that country the despotism which England had assisted her in overthrowing, we had a right, arising out of the treaty by which we guaranteed had a right, arising out of the treaty by which we guaranteed her crown, to give our advice in the most explicit terms. In writing the despatch of the 16th of March he did no more than the British Government had a right to do; and when Sir R. Peel asserted that that despatch was not calculated to conciliate or persuade, his (Lord Palmerston's) reply was, that it was a confidential despatch, not intended for communication to the Spanish Government. He concluded by saying that when the communications now going on between the two Governments were ended, they would be laid before the House. Till then it was impossible.

The motion was negatived without a division.

The Evening Freeman announces, that the Repeal Conference met, and finally agreed upon the terms upon which the Repealers of Ireland may be united into one association. The details are to be immediately laid before the members of Conciliation Hall by John O'Connell and the Burgh-quay Committee on the one hand, and by Messrs. Duffy, Meagher, Dillon, &c. on the other.

Paris was tranquil yesterday; but a general strike of the people employed on the railroads caused some anxiety.
"Organised labour" turns out a dear bargain,—in its machinery at least. The Journal des Débats states, that "by the chinery at least. The Journal des Débats states, that "by the removal of M. Emile Thomas from the direction of the national workships a saving of from 25,000 to 30,000 francs (from 1000l. to 1200l.) a day will be effected. M. Emile Thomas retained for his service five chariots, four cabriolets, fourteen tilburies, a calèche, and thirty eight horses!"

The great breakfast to be given by the operatives of Paris, of which the expense is not to exceed 25 centimes (2\frac{1}{2}d.) a head, is to take place on Wednesday poyt

head, is to take place on Wednesday next.

The salary of the President of the National Assembly for the time being has been fixed at 4000 francs per month (1601.) The allowance to the President of the late Chamber of Deputies was 80,000 francs (32001.) a year.

Berlin has been kept quiet by a further distribution of arms

among the citizens.

June 7.—In the House of Commons yesterday Lord Ashley brought under the notice of the House the lamentable state of a portion of the juvenile population of the metropolis. He land before the House a vast mass of information relating to the children in the ragged schools, for which he was indebted to the members of the City Mission, aided by certain teachers of the Sunday schools of the metropolis. He also described the peculiar habits and pursuits of those children, their mode of living and of sleeping, in lodging-houses and in the open air, and their degraded moral and physical condition, with a view of persuading the House to take measures to rescue them from a portion of the juvenile population of the metropolis. He laid

the unhappy predicament in which they were now placed. He the unhappy predicament in which they were now placed. He calculated the number of these children—who were naked, filthy, deserted, and migratory wretches, the seed-plot of all the crime in the metropolis—at 30,000, and pointed out the portentous evil of which they must eventually be the cause, if they were left utterly neglected in times like the present. That evil was peculiar, required a peculiar remedy, and could not be dealt with by the ordinary agencies. His proposition, therefore, was, that the Government should agree to take from the ragged schools 1000 children annually.—500 boys and 500 cirls schools 1000 children annually,—500 boys and 500 girls,—and transplant them at the public expense to her Majesty's colonies in South Australia. He mentioned South Australia because it was the colony in which there was at present the

greatest demand for labour.

Sir G. Grey eulogised Lord Ashley's speech, and entered into his views, which he considered hopeful and practical. He was the more encouraged to entertain such a hope in consequence of his own knowledge of the excellent effects worked on the minds of young criminals by the system of discipline enforced at Parkhurst and the Philanthropic Institution. He then praised the system adopted in the ragged schools, and anticipated the most favourable results from them. He could not have any objection to Lord Ashley's scheme, as the Government had already applied it to the children who had undergone the reformatory discipline of Parkhurst, and was therefore, à fortiori, bound to apply it to those who were yet untarnished by any penal sentence. Having said this, he hoped that Lord Ashley would not insist on the adoption of his resolution at present, as he had no detailed plan to propose. He urged another consideration upon Lord Ashley as an additional reason for not pressing his resolution, and that was, that it ought to be left open, so as to include the children in the ragged schools, not only of the metropolis, but also of Liver-

pool, Aberdeen, and other large and populous places.

Mr. Hawes intimated that a small portion of the 10,000l.

which the Government intended to apply to the purposes of emigration to Van Diemen's Land and the Australian colonies, might be devoted to give a stimulus to emigration from these

ragged schools.

After others had spoken, Lord Ashley withdrew the mo-tion, promising not to let the Government rest if they did not fulfil their promise of taking the matter up.

The Princess Sophia was buried yesterday in the Kensal-

Green Cemetery.

Messrs. Ernest Jones and Fussell, the physical force Chartists, have been arrested on a charge of sedition under the new

At the meeting at Conciliation Hall, Mr. J. O'Connell announced that on Monday the Repeal Association would indefinitely adjourn, and that a union would take place between the Confederation and the Association. The funds of the Association have almost ceased to come in.

On Saturday evening and last night the streets of Dublin were disturbed by a series of fights between some soldiers of the 31st and 55th regiments. The former is chiefly composed of Irishmen, whilst the latter is, for the most part, English. A sale of Mr. Mitchell's effects took place on Monday at his late residence on Ontario Terrace. Among the articles of

nis late residence on Ontario Terrace. Among the articles of vertu exhibited were a pike of enormous dimensions, fashioned after his own model, without crook or axe, a perfect "queen of weapons," and two cavalry sabres. The rooms were crowded to suffocation by persons of all ranks, and every article offered for sale was eagerly bought up at greatly enhanced prices.

The following official bulletin extraordinary was issued by the Persisional Government at Milen on the 31st of Many.

the Provisional Government at Milan on the 31st of May: "Yesterday 30,000 Austrians attacked our positions at Goito, which were defended by 15,000 of our troops. A brisk fire of artillery was kept up for six hours. Finally our regiments of cavalry vigorously repulsed and drove the enemy towards Mantua. In the engagement the Italian army completely routed the enemy. The King was much exposed to the eye. The Duke of Savoy was also wounded, but neither the one nor the other dismounted. Our troops were most valiantly conducted by General Bava. At the departure of the courier two regiments of cavalry were still pursuing the enemy. Intelligence of the surrender of Peschiera has just been received." the continued fire of artillery, and received a slight wound in

June 8.—The Chartist leaders, Ernest Jones, John Fussell, Joseph Williams, and Alexander Sharpe, for whose apprehen-sion warrants were issued by Mr. Jardine on Tuesday, were all taken into custody in the course of the day, and placed at the bar before Mr. Henry, at Bow Street, on the charge of "wick-edly, maliciously, and seditiously uttering and pronouncing certain scandalous and seditious words of and concerning our lady the Queen and Government," in Clerkenwell Green and other multiple and other multiple and account the 25th, 26th, and 20th at Mr. other public places, on the 25th, 26th, and 29th of May last, and the 4th of June inst.

Williams, Sharpe, and Fussell were arrested in London at

an early hour of the morning, and Jones was taken in Man-The latter consequently did not arrive in London till late in the afternoon, and was not examined until after the three other cases were disposed of.

Mr. Hayward, from the office of the solicitor to the Treasury, attended to conduct the prosecution; and a Mr. Davis,

a solicitor, appeared for the prisoners.

Joseph Williams, alias John Williams, was the first prisoner placed at the bar. He was described as a baker, living at 33 Half Moon Street, Bishopsgate Street Without. He appeared about the middle age, and, being almost destitute of forehead, has a singularly ill-looking countenance. He was shabbily dressed, and did not look well in health.

Alexander Sharpe is a young man, described as a copper-late printer (out of employ), living at 31 George's Row, John's St. Luke's.

John Ireanus Fussell, the third prisoner, is also a young man, and appeared more intelligent than either of the other prisoners. He said he was a ratepayer and householder, living at 2 Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, and was a jeweller by trade.

Ernest Charles Jones was brought into court in the custody of Sergeant Haines, of the detective force, having just arrived from Manchester. The prisoner, who displayed more assurance than either of the other prisoners, appeared about thirty-five years of age, of fair complexion, and about the middle stature. He said he was a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and member of the Chartist executive, and resided, until lately, at 14 George Street, Portman Square. He added that he was not at present exactly in any residence, but his father was looking out for one for him.

The prisoners were all committed for trial, and sent to Newgate; but will be admitted to bail if they can find it.

The following is from the Dublin Freeman's Journal of June 6th:—As Mr. Meagher was proceeding at the head of his club (the Grattan) yesterday evening from the Club-room in Cumberland Street to the Music-hall, he was stopped at the entrance to Gloucester Street by the police, who refused to let the members of the club walk two abreast, but offered to let them pass singly. An altercation took place, and some blows were given, when Mr. Meagher was arrested, and taken to Sackville police-station, where he was charged with having assaulted a police-constable in the discharge of his duty. Mr. Meagher was immediately after the charge liberated on his own recognisances. An immense crowd of persons collected about the station, and when Mr. Meagher re-entered the street, he was most enthusiastically cheered on his way to the Music-

Mr. John Byrne was also arrested on a charge of attempting to rescue Mr. Meagher and assaulting the police; both charges will be heard this morning at Henry Street police-

Letters from Rome of the 28th ult. state that Monsignor Morichini had been sent by the Pope to Vienna, to negotiate peace with Austria on the terms stipulated in the letter addressed by His Holiness to the Emperor, on the 3d ult. Pius IX. had recovered all his popularity, and on the Feast of St. Philip Neri the population made a brilliant manifestation in his favour. The Abbé Gioberti was still at Rome, preaching union between the people and the sovereign. The Gazzetta di Roma says: "His Holiness, as the common father of the chithful seconding the riems manifested in favour of second has faithful, seconding the views manifested in favour of peace, has just sent an extraordinary apostolic delegate to the belligerents (with the exception of the Emperor of Austria, to whom His Holiness had already written), for the purpose of opening negotiations for the termination of the war. The Holy Father will do all in his power to prevent the German nation from staking its because on several area at the conditions and to staking its honour on sanguinary attempts against Italy, and to induce it to recognise the latter country as its sister, all those states being, in faith and charity, the common children of the Holy Father. His Holiness will pursue these negotiations with all the zeal that can be inspired by the conviction of thus fulfilling the duty of the supreme priesthood confided to him. fulfilling the duty of the supreme priesthood confided to him by Jesus Christ. The Ministry has thanked the Pope for having insisted, in his letter to the Emperor of Austria, on this condition of peace, namely, that the natural boundaries of the people of Italy shall be restored to them. Italy does not hate —she even loves and esteems — the German nations; but let the Germans recross the Alps, let them swear to observe the facts prescribed by the natural law of nations, and then will the Italians embrace them as brothers." It must be remembered that the Pope has long had no control over the Gazzetta di Roma.

The following announcement appeared in the Sun of last

evening:
"We have just seen a private letter from Turin, which states that while they were singing Te Deum in the cathedral of that city for the recent victories of the Piedmontese over the

Austrians, the Minister for Foreign Affairs announced that he had received a despatch from Naples announcing that the king had been assassinated."

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had been assassinated."

The Paris papers of Tuesday are almost exclusively occupied with the stormy proceedings in the National Assembly on the preceding day. The National, in speaking of those proceedings, thus expresses itself: "Would that we could draw a veil over the discussion that took place in the sitting of the Assembly yesterday!" The feeling that dictated this confession is readly covered throughout the press; but the details as is nearly general throughout the press; but the details could not be suppressed, and had consequently produced among the public similar expressions of regret. The election of M. Portalis as one of the Vice-Presidents, and of M. Landrin, as one of the Secretaries, of the Assembly, which took place immediately after the stormy discussion alluded to above had been closed, were held to prove that the Assembly approved their conduct in the affair of M. Louis Blanc, in which the discussion had had its origin. The Moniteur announces that M. Cremeny had addressed his resignation as Minister of M. Crémieux had addressed his resignation as Minister of Justice to the Executive Committee. It was generally reported that other changes in the Ministry would take place. It was also rumoured that MM. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin would retire from the Government. Originally M. Lamartine was considered moderate, and M. Ledru Rollin "un peu exalté" in their political sentiments. The only obvious change that appears is, that the latter has not evinced during some time the slightest symptom of ultra-republicanism.

In the Assembly on Tuesday, M. Buchez, the President, took the chair, and read a valedictory address, in which he recapitulated its labours since the opening of the session. After he had concluded, he invited M. Senard to replace him in the chair, and embraced him. M. Senard, in his turn, thanked the Assembly for the honour it had conferred upon

A Spanish paper complains that Sir H. Bulwer, even after his dismissal by the Spanish Government, gave fresh proofs of the "hatred with which he views the Spaniards," and the "especial delight which he experiences in threatening and insulting them," by leaving orders that, on his departure, the escutcheon of arms over the doors of the Legation should be taken down and placed inside the house, in order to give the people to understand that all intercourse was broken off between the Governments of Spain and England.

Miscellanies.

THE POPE AND THE SULTAN.—The following presents have been remitted to the Nuncio of His Holiness for presentation to him: A magnificent saddle, enriched with diamonds; eight Arab horses of great beauty; three magnificent snuff-boxes, enriched with diamonds; four decorations for distribution at his pleasure; 600 piques of Damascus cloth, beautifully em-broidered, and of various colours (the pique is a measure of 227 inches); a great number of Smyrna carpets; 30 pieces of Angora shawling; and a grand decoration for Pope Pius IX., and another for the Ambassador.—Galignani's Messenger.

THE FINANCES OF FRANCE.—"England," says the Assemblée Nationale, "has a debt of 20,450,000,000f., with a revenue blée Nationale, "has a debt of 20,450,000,000f., with a revenue of 1,585,000,000f.; France, one of 5,000,000,000f., with a revenue of nearly 2,000,000,000f., including the communal and departmental budgets; Russia, one of 2,000,000,000f., with a revenue of 400,000,000f.; Spain, one of 5,000,000,000f., with a revenue of 100,000,000f.; Holland, one of 3,000,000,000f., with a revenue of 100,000,000f; Austria, one of 3,000,000,000f., with a revenue of 440,000,000f. As it may be seen, the financial state of France would in no wise be alarming, if the Government were entrusted to more competent persons." vernment were entrusted to more competent person

INCREASE IN THE VALUE OF PINE PICTURES .- In the INCREASE IN THE VALUE OF FINE PICTURES.—In the notice of the sale of the collection of pictures formed by the late W. Wells, Esq., it will be seen that a picture, the head of a female, with a basket of eggs in her lap and two pigeons in her hand, by the French painter Greuze, and considered to be the finest production of that artist in this country, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 750 guineas. This same picture, in the collection of the late Mr. Wilkinson, was sold by suction in 1828 for 245 guineas: the auctioneer on that occaauction in 1828 for 245 guineas; the auctioneer on that occasion stating that the purchaser would receive with the picture Greuze's original receipt for 150 louis d'ors (1501. sterling), the price paid the artist by Mr. Wilkinson on receiving the picture from the easel. - Observer.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Anslie, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co. Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.

Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CATHOLIC CHAPEL, MOORFIELDS.—
To-Morrow (Whit-Sunday) there will be a Solemn PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS, by the RIGHT REV. Dr. WISEMAN. After which
he will administer the Sacrament of CONFIRMATION.

ST. JOHN EVANGELIST'S, ISLINGTON, CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—TWO SERMONS, for the support of these Schools, will be preached in the CHURCH of ST. JOHN the EVANGELIST. DUNCAN TERRACE, ISLINGTON, on WHITSUNDAY, JUNE 11th, 1848.

The Morning Sermon, after the Gospel at High Mass, by the Rev. JOHN WALSH, M.A., of St. Mary's, Moorfields. The Evening Sermon, at the end of Vespers, by the Rev. FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A.

M.A.

High Mass will commence at Eleven o'clock, Vespers will commence at Six o'clock. Collections will be made at the Low Masses

Omnibuses from Chelsea, Kennington, Paddington, City, &c., run through the great roads close by the Church.
Donations in aid of these Schools may be sent to, and will be gratefully acknowledged by, Rev. Henry Lea, M.A., President, 4 Vincent Terrace, and Rev. Richard Boyle, M.A., Vice-President, 39 Duncan Terrace, Islington.

Mr. WATKINS, Treasurer,
Mr. G. W. HEPWORTH, Hon. Sec.

St. John Evangelist's Catholic Schools, Islington.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD CATHOLIC POOR SCHOOLS.—A PUBLIC BREAKFAST, for the support of these Schools, will take place at the QUEEN'S ARMS TAVERN, EDGEWARE ROAD, near KILBURN GATE, on TUESDAY NEXT, 13th inst. We regret much that the protracted illness of the Honourable EDWARD PETRE precludes the possibility of his presiding at the meeting. The Honourable CHARLES LANGDALE has charitably consented to take the Chair at One for Two o'clock precisely.

Tickets, at 10s. 6d. each, Wine included, may be had of the Stewards, or of the Chaplains of our Lady's Church, who are this year clothing \$50 of the most destitute of their poor children.

SOCIETY of the DIVINE INFANT SAVIOUR, O for Educating, Clothing, and Apprenticing the Children of the Poor in the Virginia Street District, East, London. Established December 1847.

Right Rev. Bishop Wiseman, V.A.L. Rev. John Moore, M.A. Patron Director

Director . Rev. John Moore, M.A.

FIRST ANNUAL EXCURSION to and DEJEUNE at ROSHER-VILLE GARDENS, GRAVESEND, for the Benefit of the above Society, on board that fast, commodious, and spacious Steam-Packet THE COMET, Capt. Hollingham, Commander, on WEDNESDAY, June 21st, 1848, "Coronation-day of the glorious Pope Plus IX."

The Friends and supporters of the Society are respectfully assured that no exertion shall be spared to make the 21st June, 1848, one of the most delightful, cheerful, and happy days of their existence.

An abundant and exquisite Repast will be provided in the gorgeous Banquet Hall of Rosherville's romantic Gardens, surpassing combination of ingenious art and fertile nature.

A Full Band will be the whole day in attendance, gladdening the Banks of Old Father Thames, and setting all hearts in joyous unison with the loveliness of the surrounding scenery.

The vessel will leave the Adelphi Pier, Strand, at 9 a.m. precisely, calling at the Tunnel Pier at half-past 9, and Brunswick Pier, Blackwall, at 10.

Tickets, 6s, each, Pier-dues, admission to Rosherville, and Bancock, included, Old.

wall, at 10.

Tickets, 6s. each, Pier-dues, admission to Rosherville, and Banquet, included. Children (under ten years) half-price.

May be had of the Steward; at the Chapel house, Virginia Street; of Mrs. Muldary, Virginia Street; Mr. Ringrose, bookseller, Sherrard Street; Mr. Pagliano, Golden Square; Mr. Nind, Sablonière Hotel, Leicester Square; Mr. Reardon, Quadrant, Regent Street; Mr. Augarde, 51 Oxford Street; Mr. Murphy, Star Street, Wapping; Mr. Madden, ditto; Mr. Jones, bookseller, Paternoster Row; Mr. Orpwood, ditto, Bishopsgate Street; Mrs. Wycherly, Back Road, St. George's East; Mr. Grogan, King's Head, Leather Laue, Holborn; Mr. Hewitt, Chymist, Well Street, Wellclose Square; Mr. Edward Moore, Chelsea; Mr. Lodge, ditto; Mr. Atchison, ditto: Mr. Smith, Artichoke, Cambridge Road; Mr. T. Tieghe, Limehouse.

N.B. Dejeuné on table at 2 p.m.

Long live our holy, beloved, and immortal Father, Pius The Ninth!

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

-This Evening, LA DONNA DEL LAGO. Mmes. Grisi,
Bellini, and Mdlle. Alboni; Sigs. Mario, Marini, Tamburini, Tagliafico,
Lavia, L. Mei, and Corradi-Setti.—And LA FETE DES FLEURS
from the Ballet "Nirene."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THIS EVENING, L'ELISIR D'AMORE. Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Mme. Solari; Sigs. Gardoni, Belletti, and Lablache.—And LES ELEMENS. Mdlles. Carlotta Grisi, Carolina Rosati, Cerito, and M. Taglioni.

EXHIBITION of MULREADY'S WORKS, at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, to promote the formation of a NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, is now OPEN. Proofs of the SONNET, Lithographed by John Linnell, Jun., are now ready for delivery to Subscribers of 21.2s. May be seen at Cundall's, 12 Old Bond Street; and Colnaghi's, 13 Pall Mall East.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now OPEN.

Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), One Shilling. Catalogue,

One Shilling. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

M OURNING.—Mr. PUGH, in returning his acknowledgments for the highly distinguished patronage he has so long and liberally received, begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that his Maison de Deuil is RE-OPENED, since the recent enlargement of the premises, with the most extensive and general assortment of MOURNING, of every description, ever submitted to the Public.

163 and 165 Regent Street, two doors from Burlington Street.

A CONVERT, and a late ANGLICAN MINISTER, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION as TUTOR in a private Family, to two or more BOYS. The Advertiser undertakes to instruct in the usual course of Classics and Algebra, as well as French and Hebrew, and, if required, the rudiments of Spanish, Italian, and

Address, pre-paid, "Esperance," at Mr. G. Dismore's, 3 Brydges Street, Strand.

CHEPSTOW.—To be LET, Furnished, a very desirable FAMILY RESIDENCE, consisting of Dining-room, Drawing room, Breakfast-room, Eight Bedruoms, Kitchen, Pantry, &c., together with Coach-house and Stable, Garden, Greenhouse, and Rec., together with Coach-house and Stable, Garden, Greenhouse, and piece of Ground attached. It is situated close to the residence of the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, and is in every way suitable for a Family.

Further particulars may be had of W. O'CONNOC, Esq.
21 George Street, Portman Square.

PAGLIANO'S SABLONIERE HOTEL, for FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN, 28, 29, and 39 LEICESTER SQUARE, by PHILIP NIND. This hotel has been recently enlarged and newly furnished. A select Table d'Hôte, in the continental style, has been established—dinner on table at 6 o'clock precisely; dinner and desert, 4s. Déjeuners and Dinners, à la carte, in the Restaurant till 10 o'clock, P.M.

On y parle toutes les langues.

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Sets of eigh	at Mahogany	Trafalga	r			4	16	0				0
Gondola E	sy Chairs (in	leather)				1	8	0	**		16	
Langham I	lasy Chairs,	pring stu	ffed			1	1	0	22	9	8	
Reclining (Chairs, in lea	ther, spri	ne sti	affed	1.		0	0	0.0	1		0
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Couches w	ith loose squ	abs. all h	air				15	0	19	5	15	
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To Professor HOLLOWAY.

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